

Sports Illustrated

FEBRUARY 23, 1976

ONE DOLLAR

WINTER OLYMPICS

BOBBY CLARKE

FIERY LEADER OF THE FLYERS



One of a kind.

He does more
than inhabit. He lives.
Because he knows.

He smokes for pleasure.

He gets it from the blend
of Turkish and Domestic
tobaccos in Camel Filters.

Do you?



**Turkish and
Domestic Blend**

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Now through February 29th

CHEVY SALE

VEGA - MONZA - NOVA

Monza 2+2 Price Reduction.

The European-looking Monza Hatchback is on sale right now. The Chevy that's a small car, and then some.

If you buy or order a 2 + 2 between now and Feb. 29th with its available 2-barrel engine and 4-speed transmission, you'll find a price reduction of \$116 applied to the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price. Put there by Chevrolet.

If you've ever admired a Monza 2 + 2, now's the time to get it at a Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price that may not come again this model year.



\$116 off

Monza 2 - 2 Hatchback.

Vega Cabriolet, Monza Cabriolet Price Reduction.

Add a Cabriolet Equipment Package to a Chevy Vega or Monza and you've got a small car that's also elegant.

Add this touch of luxury between now and Feb. 29th, and you've got yourself a \$100 savings from Chevrolet.

It'll come on your Vega or Monza as a \$100 price reduction off the Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price.

Act now and you can make yourself a tough-to-beat deal on either one.

*Vega Sport Coupe
with available Cabriolet Equipment*



\$100 off



\$100 off

*Monza Tower Coupe
with available Cabriolet Equipment.*

Nova Medalist Sale.

The Nova Medalist is a special commemorative edition of the Chevy Nova.

Outside, it has limited edition striping, full wheel covers, white stripe tires and more. Inside it has a custom interior and more.

And if you order between now and Feb. 29th, you can get a 6-cylinder Nova Medalist Coupe at \$150 less than the regular Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price.

Only \$3418, Manufacturer's Suggested Retail Price—tax, license, destination charge and available equipment additional. (Priced higher in California.)

Right now's really a good time for saving money at your Chevy dealer's!



\$150 off

Nova Medalist Coupe.



Don't buy any car until you see your Chevy dealer.

Chevrolet

Today, a woman has no excuse to overlook life insurance.



New York Life's Miss-Mrs-Ms Policies.

Maybe you feel that the time has come when you should have your own life insurance.

We agree. Many women—about 60%—own individual life insurance policies for added financial security.

But what kind should you buy? Perhaps you'd be interested in what other women have.

63% carry Whole Life insurance. This is permanent insurance. It builds cash value that can be used in emergencies or, later, towards retirement.

7% own temporary term insurance

which provides maximum protection for minimum outlay—but each time you renew it, the premium is higher because you are older.

9% have combination Whole Life-term policies offering the best features of each type.

Another 9% own endowment or retirement income policies.

And 12% are covered by family-style policies which protect all members of the family.

Miss-Mrs-Ms policies. Whatever your need, you'll find that your New York Life Agent has the right policy for you. Talk to him or her, soon.

We guarantee tomorrow today.



CONTENTS

FEBRUARY 23, 1976 Volume 44, No. 8

Cover photograph by John Olson



12 Those Golden Gates

They opened at Innsbruck for two American skaters and a West German skier

by William Oscar Johnson

18 Images of Innsbruck

A portfolio of color photographs captures the rich variety of the Games

26 Odds-on Favorite in Vegas

High rollers should put their chips on the Nevada, Las Vegas basketball team

by Barry McDermott

30 Slick's Not Just His Name

If Seattle staged a popularity contest, this SuperSonics' guard would be a shoo-in

by John Papanek

34 Blueprint of Disaster

The architects of progress have provided at Mica Creek a model of what not to do

by Robert Cantwell

58 Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Clarke

Faultless Bobby Clarke can turn into a holy terror when he goes on the ice

by Ray Kennedy

The Departments

9 Scorecard	50 Motor Sports
42 College Basketball	54 Golf
48 TV/Radio	73 For the Record
Credits on page 73	74 19th Hole

Next Week

DOGS HE'S FOUGHT, but until now no lions. Correcting that oversight, Muhammad Ali ventures to Puerto Rico to beard Jean-Pierre Coopman, the Lion of Flanders. Mark Kram will report

PRESENTING THE POSSUM He wowed the court of Ferdinand and Isabella, but America weaned of the timid critter and soon he was on the road to ruin. Roy Blount Jr. gives him his due

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is published weekly, six options magazines and, by Time Inc., \$4.19 (Canada \$5.00) in Chicago, Ill. 60611, at 1000 N. Dearborn St. Chicago, Ill. 60610. Second-class postage paid at Chicago, Ill., and at additional mailing offices. Authorized as second-class mail by the Post Office Dept., Ottawa, Canada and by payment of postage in cash. Second-class price in the U.S. \$1.00 per year.

LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER



VERSCHOTH'S QUICK STITCHING SUITED YOUNG PERFECTLY

The Pembaurhof is a small Tyrolean hotel stuck on the mountainside overlooking Innsbruck. Ordinarily it serves hiking-minded tourists who want fresh air and peace, but for the past four weeks it was *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*-East, headquarters for our eight staffers covering the Winter Olympics. The echoes of their visit to the Pembaurhof may rumble around those rocky ledges for years.

The Winter Games were staged at a variety of venues in the Inn Valley, which meant that merely covering the action called for a certain amount of organization. But even the careful plans of Senior Editor Bob Ottum, who coordinated staff activities, were not designed to accommodate the sort of unforeseen events that seemed to occur regularly.

First came the rescue of speed skater Sherla Young, who discovered that her Olympic racing suit was too loose at the neck and across the top of the hood. She feared she would lose critical seconds because of wind drag. When Young could not find a tailor at Innsbruck, Writer-Reporter Anita Verschoth stepped in. U.S. speed skating fortunes may not have been at stake, but Young's peace of mind certainly was. Verschoth skipped the opening ceremonies, went to her hotel room and altered the suit. She raced back to the Olympic Village where Young tried the suit on and found that it fit perfectly. She wore it while speeding to three medals. "Very fast stitches," Verschoth said.

Soon thereafter the Pembaurhof caught fire. While a maid yelled, "Somebody call the fire department," Ottum and Senior Writer Bill Johnson ran to investigate and found the outside

of the building aflame. Figuring the fire was not that serious, they organized a human chain and began to put out the flames with saucepans of water. Just as they were getting the blaze under control, the firemen arrived, wearing dress uniforms with shining brass buttons. They watched the fire being extinguished, never getting a speck of soot on their spotless togs. Ottum and Johnson then cleaned up and went off to cover women's speed skating.

Midway through the second week Ottum decided that it was time to take the traditional staff portrait. The staffers piled into two cars and rushed to the Bergisel ski-jumping stadium. As Photographer Neil Leifer focused his camera, one of the group glanced at the restricted area far below where Photographer Helmut Grtseher had parked one of the cars. "Helmut, half the Austrian army is standing around your car," he said. "It looks like they're trying to flip it over."

Sure enough, a platoon of soldiers was carrying the car away. End of portrait sitting. Grtseher sprinted off, with the rest of the staff in pursuit. The encounter that followed had its tense moments, but the car finally was surrendered after the officer in charge promised to issue the severest possible parking ticket. Everybody cheered and hopped in the car, its suspension system wobbling from being slammed down too hard by the soldiers. Another crisis had passed. Despite a couple of loose springs and a little smoke damage, the *SI* staff was still on the job in Innsbruck.

Sack Meyer

Sports Illustrated

Founder: James H. McGraw

Editor-in-Chief: James H. McGraw

Chairman of the Board: James H. McGraw

President: J. R. McGraw

Group Vice President, Magazine Division: J. R. McGraw

Vice Chairman: J. R. McGraw

Managing Editor: J. R. McGraw

Executive Editor: J. R. McGraw

Assistant Managing Editors: J. R. McGraw

Art Director: J. R. McGraw

Senior Editors: J. R. McGraw

Senior Writers: J. R. McGraw

Associate Editors: J. R. McGraw

Staff Writers: J. R. McGraw

Director of Photography: J. R. McGraw

Production Manager: J. R. McGraw

Chief of Research: J. R. McGraw

Photography: J. R. McGraw

Staff Photographers: J. R. McGraw

Writer-Reporters: J. R. McGraw

Senior Reporters: J. R. McGraw

Reporters: J. R. McGraw

Art Department: J. R. McGraw

Copy Desk: J. R. McGraw

Production: J. R. McGraw

Administrative Department: J. R. McGraw

Special Contributors: J. R. McGraw

Special Correspondents: J. R. McGraw

Time-Life News Service: J. R. McGraw

Editorial Services: J. R. McGraw

Publisher: J. R. McGraw

General Manager: J. R. McGraw

Associate Publisher: J. R. McGraw

Business Manager: J. R. McGraw

Advertising Sales Director: J. R. McGraw

Circulation Director: J. R. McGraw

Promotion Director: J. R. McGraw

Special Events Director: J. R. McGraw

Entrepreneur: J. R. McGraw

A tune-up can help save you a lot more than gasoline.

It can help save your engine, for example.

You're understandably concerned about gasoline mileage. But don't forget a tune-up can do even more than help save gasoline. It can help improve performance, and help protect your engine from needless wear and tear.

Your engine needs regular maintenance to keep it running smoothly. Replacing worn spark plugs and points is a good start, but your engine may need more. The PCV valve, air filter and gas filters are important, too, for performance and protection.

AC-Delco has a full line of quality parts for you, from AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs to

Delco-Remy ignition parts. And they're all AC-Delco quality... so you and your engine travel with the names you know.



Your engine depends on you...and us.



While the hood is up, look into other maintenance needs.

While you're taking the time and trouble to get a tune-up, why not look into other engine needs?

For instance, your oil and oil filter may need changing. Your owner's manual will recommend when to change. And tune-up time is a good time to review your owner's manual for other maintenance needs, too.

So remember when your car needs service, go with the names you know. Ask for AC-Delco quality parts.

**Go
with the names
you know.**



AC and Delco are registered trademarks of GM Corp. Delco-Remy is a registered trademark of GM Corp.

PHOTOGRAPHY

by RUSSELL CHATHAM

THE SPIRIT OF THE INDIAN HAUNTS THE DEUCEATE PICTURES OF EDWARD S. CURTIS

"We did not think of the great open plains, the beautiful rolling hills, and winding streams with tangled growth as wild. Only to the white man was nature a wilderness and only to him was the land infested with wild animals and savage people. To us it was home. . . . Not until the hairy man from the east came and with brutal frenzy heaped injustices upon us and the families we loved was it wild for us. When the very animals of the forest began fleeing from his approach, then it was for us that the Wild West began."

—LUTHER STANDING BEAR, SIOUX CHIEF

There is no more complete record of a culture at peace with the natural world than the photographs of American Indians by Edward S. Curtis which are being exhibited through June at the Los Angeles County Museum of Natural History.

In his poetic yet powerful *Duck Hunter* (above), the figure, much as in a Song dynasty painting, is an observer rather than an intruder. He is an integral part of the scene, topically and formally, the parts as inseparable



from each other as the shapes of the Oriental yin-yang symbol. Curtis saw his subjects with a warm heart and clear eye. A painter and draftsman as well as a photographer, he attained art's greatest goal: he made his process invisible. Thus it is we are able to enter into the very lives of his people. Today, realizing we have largely ruined our environment, many now look back to the Indians hoping to rediscover a philosophy to replace the "Man Against Nature" one we have been using.

It is interesting to note that Curtis' hunter carries no visible weapon, nor are there in fact any ducks in the picture. Yet the mood is explicit. This man is waiting, which in one sense is the largest part of any sport itself.

You could probably lay the reproductions of duck hunting scenes hanging in corporate

tween a culture with a long tradition of spirituality and one without.

Curtis has given to us the Indian's legacy of spirituality in a form we can see. Black Elk of the Oglala Sioux tribe put it in words: "Everything the Power of the World does is done in a circle. The sky is round, and I have heard that the earth is round like a ball, and so are all the stars. The wind in its greatest power, whirls. Birds make their nests in circles, for theirs is the same religion as ours. The sun comes forth and goes down again in a circle. The moon does the same, and both are round. Even the seasons form a great circle in their changing, and always come back again to where they were. The life of a man is a circle from childhood to childhood, and so it is in everything where power moves." **END**

BOOKTALK

by JONATHAN YARDIEY

STEALING THE THUNDER OF CRUSADERS—AND GIANT TURTLES FROM LONDON ZOO

A man we know only as William G., he's in his 40s, assistant in a London bookstore, divorced and lonely—is working away at a strange project when his landlady chances upon him:

"Mrs. Inchcliff was very pleased to see me active in the lumber-room. As soon as she heard me sawing she brought me a cup of tea. 'What're you making?' she said.

"Turtle crates," I said. 'I'm going to steal three sea turtles from the London Zoo and put them in the sea.'"

"Good," she said. "That's a good thing to do."

Jolly right it is: save the animals, save ourselves. That's the moral of an entirely lovely little novel that has come quietly from England. It's called *Turtle Diary* (Random

House, \$7.95), and its author, Russell Hoban, has written an argument for ecological sanity that many readers are likely to find vastly more persuasive and moving than any number of wildlife-group broadsides.

The novel is told in diary form, alternating passages from William G.'s diary and that of Neener H.—a writer of children's books who is also in her 40s, also lonely. The two do not know each other, but both are drawn to the aquarium of the London Zoo and, from there, to the conviction that the giant turtles must be set free. Both have contemplated the "secret navigational art of the turtles"—their uncanny passage from feeding grounds in Brazil to breeding grounds on Ascension Island, 1,600 miles away—and both conclude that to keep them captive is an unspeakable cruelty. As Neener observes, "The essence of it is that they can find something and they are not being allowed to do it. What more can you do to a creature, short of killing it, than prevent it from finding what it can find?"

Eventually William and Neener meet, and independent convictions deepen into reluc-

tant complicity. William builds the crates, rents a van, and he and Neener safely deliver the turtles to the English Channel.

We do not know whether the turtles ever reach their eventual destination, but that is not the point. As Neener writes, "They could be stopped, of course, they might be killed by sharks or fishermen but they would die on the way to where they wanted to be. I'd never know if they'd got there or not, for me they would always be swimming."

At first the meaning of their action fails to set in. "Launching the turtles didn't launch me," William says. "You can't do it with turtles." Yet what happens in his life, and Neener's, proves him wrong: both become re-engaged to life, to vigorous feeling and to risk-taking. Like the turtles, both are swimming again.

Turtle Diary is an ecological statement—and a sound one. What's more important is that it is a marvelously subtle, witty work of fiction. It begins slowly, so be patient, let its various skeins unravel into place, and you will come to its final pages with what can only be described as joy. **END**



**Enjoy smoking longer
without smoking more.**

Saratoga 120's.
Rich, full-flavored
cigarettes tailored
longer and slimmer
than 100's. You get
extra smoking time,
extra smoking
pleasure, without
smoking more
cigarettes. Cost no
more than 100's.
Regular or menthol,
crush-proof box.



Saratoga 120's

© Philip Morris Inc. 1976

Regular: 17 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine—Menthol:
15 mg. "tar," 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov '75

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

SCORECARD

Edited by ROBERT W. CREAMER

BACK HOME IN INDIANA

It really wasn't much of an incident. Indiana's Jim Wisman had made a couple of bad plays in the course of the Hoosiers' 72-67 overtime defeat of Michigan. Coach Bobby Knight, in abruptly taking Wisman out of the game, had grabbed him by the jersey and pulled him to the bench. Lots of coaches show fits of temper during games, but Knight is especially volatile, and an alert *Indianapolis Star* photographer got pictures of the annoyed coach tugging the abashed player. They were good pictures, a lot different from the standard run of basketball action, and the *Star* ran them on page one. The AP and UPI, also impressed, sent several photographs out on the wire, and pictures of the "great jersey pull" appeared in newspapers all around the country.

Knight was furious. He criticized the *Star* on his TV show the next day, blaming the paper for publicizing one brief flaw in an otherwise superior game and asking why it could not have run a picture of Kent Benson tipping in the basket that sent the game into overtime. Knight's loyal listeners bombarded the *Star's* office with indignant phone calls. Photographer Jerry Clark received a hefty batch of critical mail, including several threats of physical punishment. The rival *Indianapolis News* ran an editorial "commentary" in defense of Knight, whose team is currently ranked No. 1 in the country.

The next day the *Star* ran a riposte "commentary," declaring that while Knight was indeed winning, his antic behavior was losing friends for basketball and Indiana. It also published the coach's home and office phone numbers and suggested his fans call him and tell him of their support. Knight threatened to ban all photographers from Indiana's next game (a ban he rescinded before putting into effect).

The ridiculousness of the whole affair soon became evident. Bob Collins, sports editor of the *Star*, surrendered. "I be-

lieve Bobby Knight is the best basketball coach in the country," he wrote. "I know he has the most loyal followers in the known world. I fired from the hip. And they fired back. It was no contest. I lost." Knight calmed down, and the furor did, too. Wisman, the player involved, had no criticism of the coach's behavior. "It didn't bother me a bit," Wisman said. "I understand Coach Knight. What bothered me was the mistakes I made." At practice a day or so after the Michigan game Knight reduced his squad to helpless laughter when he cheerily called out to Wisman, "Jimmy, either you're going to learn our offense against the press or you're going to get a tearaway jersey."

To his credit, Knight also said, "If I'm going to accept praise, I've got to accept criticism." It's unlikely, however, that he will go so far as to agree with Indiana Football Coach Lee Corso, who said in a TV interview a few days after the hassle, "But it's only a game."

TURNOABOUT

Basketball is certainly stimulating the way Indiana plays it, but for all-out excitement you had to be in Spartanburg County, South Carolina a couple of weeks ago at a game between girls' teams from Mabry and D. R. Hill junior highs. D. R. Hill broke from the barrier with a rush, dominated play and at halftime led by 26-0. Undaunted, Mabry came back fighting, turned things around (boy, did they turn things around!), scored 28 consecutive points and won 28-26.

Let's see Bobby Knight top that.

GREEN PASTURES

The Roman Catholic diocese of Trenton, N.J. is into big-time golf. The diocese, which includes eight counties and, with nearly one million Catholics, is the sixth largest in the country, is sponsoring the 1976 LPGA Classic, to be played this May at Forsgate Country Club in Jamesburg, N.J. The diocese hopes to make the tournament an annual event.

"We look upon this tournament as both a fund-raiser for our numerous charities and as a catalyst for all our activities," says Peter Busatti, a former New York City publicity man who is the diocesan director of development. "We picked it because we felt it was very dignified." Sure, but even though golf is a staid, dignified game, the diocese had better get ready for a flood of one-liners on the church-golf relationship. You know, things like "holy water hazards" and "Make straight the fairways of the Lord." And all the old stories, too, like the one about the Cadillac division of General Motors getting into financial difficulties and bailing itself out by raffling off a Catholic church.

Still, it beats bingo.

JUMPATHON

Ordinarily, high jumping is considered a difficult but not exhausting event. That is, you don't see high jumpers bathed in sweat, gasping for air. But at the *Los Angeles Times* indoor meet a couple of Fridays ago the high jump turned into a marathon. Tim Woods and Dwight Stones were the only jumpers left in the competition after clearing 7'4", and the bar was raised to 7'6", a quarter-inch over Stones' indoor record. Each jumper took three tries at that height, and each missed all three times. The event appeared to be over, with the two tied in height cleared, number of jumps attempted, number of jumps missed.

But the rules call for a jump-off when there is such a tie. Each was given another try at 7'6"; each missed. The bar was lowered to 7'4"; each had one try at that height, and each made it. Back went the bar to 7'6"; each missed. Down went the bar to 7'4"; each cleared that height for the third time. Again the bar went up to 7'6"; again each missed.

Once again the bar was lowered to 7'4", but this time neither of the weary jumpers could make the height, and the bar was lowered farther, to 7'2". Woods got over the bar, but the exhausted Stones, who had spiked himself earlier in the competition, could not.

"It was a strange night," said the victorious Woods. "At first, all it seemed to mean was getting a few extra tries at the world record, but after awhile it got to be sort of an obsession to see who was going to win."

Stones' cut required 25 stitches afterward, but the world-record holder said,

continued

"It was taped tightly right away, and it didn't affect my jumping as much as the fact that I'd stayed up till four in the morning the three previous nights moving into my new apartment. I think that's what finally got to me."

Both Stones and Woods agreed that the jump-off system, unwieldy though it may be, was a good thing. "It's the only way to decide it," said Woods. "It's do or die—you make it or you don't."

"I think it's a good rule," said Stones. "It certainly made for great competition here. I really enjoyed it."

3001

Horse racing may be a spectator sport, but there is little doubt that it survives and flourishes primarily because it is a vehicle for gambling. The ordinary racing fan may like horses, may even enjoy watching them run, but he likes betting windows even more. This serves to explain two recent developments in horse racing, neither of which has to do with improvement of the breed. At Bowie in



Maryland, self-service betting windows have been installed on an experimental basis. So far, the handle has been modest, but as an American Totalisator Co. designer says, "The machines reflect an ongoing policy to accelerate and simplify the overall wagering operation for the fan." A track executive claims, "These machines are tin lizzies compared to what can be developed if the public accepts them." A member of Bowie's mutual department declares, "We could have smaller, more sophisticated machines throughout the plant, including private ones in all of the box-seat sections."

And in Littleton, Colo., near Denver, the Centennial Race Track has a drive-in betting window so that a man on his way to work doesn't even have to get out of his car. Betting slips, called "counter cards," are available at 200 locations in and around Denver. The bettor marks his choices, drives up to the window, makes his bet and proceeds to his job for his second cup of coffee.

Now if someone will just develop an electronic tout.

YOU GOTTA LIKE THE POINTS

Before the Cal Poly-San Luis Obispo vs. UCLA women's basketball game a couple of weeks ago, Cal Poly's Sports Information Director Wayne Shaw compared the records of the two teams and blithely predicted that UCLA would win by 62 points. Shaw's outrageous forecast was given a banner headline in the San Luis Obispo *Telegram Tribune*—"UCLA 62-Point Pick Over Cal Poly Coods"—and fans of Cal Poly's women's basketball fumed. Shaw was called a male chauvinist wise guy of the worst kind. Then the game was played. The final score: UCLA 97, Cal Poly 35. No matter how you add or subtract, that comes out to precisely 62 points.

Next week Cal Poly travels to Los Angeles for a rematch. Shaw, citing UCLA's homecourt advantage, has picked the Uclans again, this time by 77 points.

BILLIE'S BID

The Women's Sports Foundation, a charitable organization in San Mateo, Calif. founded by Billie Jean King in 1974, is trying to raise money via a mail auction. More than 100 notables from the sport and entertainment worlds have put memorabilia up for sale, and the proceeds will be used for "the promotion of women in sports at all levels and for all ages."

Billie Jean has put up the tennis racket with which she won her sixth and final Wimbledon singles title last summer (other rackets she has donated to charity have sold for as much as \$2,000). Elton John, part owner of the NASL's Los Angeles Aztecs, has given one of his tasteful concert suits, complete with sequined piano keys on arms, legs and collar (original cost: \$3,000). O. J. Simpson has autographed a football ("From a women's sports fan") and the renowned distance runner Bobby Riggs has put up the shoes he used in his slow but

financially successful race in Death Valley. Bob Griese has sprung for an autographed chin strap, Olga Korbut for autographed gymnastic slippers, Francie Larrieu for a pair of green size-five track shoes. There's a Rosie Casals tennis dress, an autographed Joe DiMaggio bat, a pair of Joe Namath's jogging shorts. There are 102 articles in all, including such nonport items as a lithograph of the White House donated by Betty Ford and, for some unexplained reason, a full dental impression of Marilyn Monroe's teeth. The auction runs until March 31. Hurry, hurry, hurry.

SAY IT WITH FLOWERS

"Giant Roman Candle Explodes, Fails to Break World's Record," read the headline in *The Southampton [N.Y.] Press*. The man responsible for the dud was George Plimpton, who in the past has bombed as a major league pitcher, a quarterback for the Detroit Lions and an opponent for Archie Moore. Plimpton, a longtime fireworks buff (SI, June 30), was trying to gain entry to the *Gwinnett Book of World Records* with the world's largest fireworks display, supplanting the existing mark held by the Ogatsu Fireworks Co. of Tokyo. Ogatsu fires its champion from a 36-inch mortar. Plimpton had high hopes that his 40.5-inch, 720-pound Roman candle, known as Fat Man, would rise 1,000 feet and illuminate the skies over eastern Long Island with one million twinkling stars in the configuration of a chrysanthemum. But Fat Man sat heavily on the ground, sized, smoked and then exploded, leaving a gaping hole 10 feet deep and 35 feet wide.

Said the chagrined Plimpton, staring at the smoking hole in the ground instead of a record-breaking chrysanthemum in the sky, "I don't believe it. It's an absolute failure."

THAT SAYS IT

• Lord Killanin, 61, president of the International Olympic Committee, voicing his approval of the IOC's rule that members must retire at the age of 72: "I don't want the Olympics to be run by a bunch of old men."

• Johnny Carson, on another aspect of the Olympics: "The Russians won three times as many medals as the United States, but it's nothing to be ashamed of. We can be proud because it proves our wheat makes good athletes."

Need A Resourceful Supplier? Call The Packaging Company.



Serving you from the ground up. O-I's total integration in packaging includes a million acres of woodlands, four container-board mills and a coast-to-coast network of box plants. So we can keep you well supplied with corrugated. Not to mention closures, shrink film, shipping bags, metal cans and composite cans. You don't lose much sleep over shortages when you buy from The Packaging Company.

One of the earth's most abundant resources is sand, basic component of glass containers. O-I has ample supplies of other raw materials, too. So you can count on our network of 21 glass plants to keep you well supplied. Today. And tomorrow. Some packaging may be in short supply a decade hence. But the future of glass looks great.

We have a friend in the resin business. O-I owns half of National Petro, a major polyethylene resin producer (1976 capacity: 350 million pounds). This gives us an assured source—so we can be your most

reliable plastic container supplier.



OWENS-ILLINOIS

Toledo, Ohio 43666

Sports Illustrated
FEBRUARY 23, 1976

OPENING UP THOSE GOLDEN GATES



Slalom gates on an Innsbruck mountainside were portals to fame for a West German "grenny" and skating rinks were icy avenues to gold medals for two Americans at the Winter Games **by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON**

Rosi Mittermeier hurtles down the slalom course to her second gold medal, then rejoices.



CONTINUED





continued

So good were the Games of the 12th Winter Olympiad that a visitor might be forgiven for concluding that all Winter Olympics to come should simply be staged at Innsbruck, over and over, in a setting of maximum efficiency and good spirit. Everything worked. Indeed, the only casualties were those felled by the flu. As always, some tried to measure the value of ideologies by the numbers of medals won, and, as usual of late, the Communist states finished first: Russia won 27 medals, East Germany 19. Next came the very rich, the U.S. and West Germany finishing with 10 each. Far more inspiring was the fact that Liechtenstein, population 23,000, won two Olympic medals.

But counting medals was not the way to judge Innsbruck. If there was a symbol for these Games it was Rosi Mittermaier. No one was so charming, no athlete so refreshing as the 25-year-old West German ski racer who last week became the most decorated 1976 Olympian of all.

The night before she won the downhill at Axamer Lizum, Rosi dreamed that she would get a medal. Before she raced the next morning, she chided her subconscious. "Don't produce such nonsense." It did seem like nonsense, for never in her international racing career—10 years of World Cup competition and three Olympics—had Rosi Mittermaier won a major downhill race, although she had won 16 German national ski titles and is the leader this season in World Cup points. She has been around ski racing so long that her teammates call her "Om" ("Granny"). But at Axamer Lizum, Granny beat them all.

Now, suddenly, she was famous. Flowers were strewn across the bed in her hotel room. Soldiers guarded the stairway. From time to time she would step out onto the balcony and favor the crowds with a dimpled smile and friendly wave.

The excitement spread. Rosi might win another gold medal in the next event, the slalom. She might, all right, but she could scarcely be favored. Six times in World Cup races this season Rosi had finished second to Lise-Marie Morerod of Swit-

zerland, and Morerod was odds on to win.

The slalom course was far meaner than it looked, spilling 1,312 feet down the hillside at Lizum. There was one particularly tricky gate two-thirds of the way where a chain of fairly simple turns suddenly changed to a wrenching series of long, sharp curves. It was there, on the first run of the required two, that Morerod skied off the course and was disqualified. Rosi was second with a 46.77 run, .09 of a second behind teammate Pamela Behr. One more run to come.

Rosi's mother Rosa and her father Heinrich were in the crowd. Frau Mittermaier wore a fashionable black Bogner ski outfit, father was dressed in a suit and brown overcoat and looked as if he had accidentally happened onto the course while on the way to the office.

Rosi's second run was slashing and strong and she finished in 43.77 to lead the field. Her coach jumped up and down, shouting, *Sieg, Sieg, Sieg* (victory, victory, victory).

When Rosi came off the medalists' stand she went directly to her mother, handed over the bouquet of roses she had been given, and said, "Mummy, I can't help it. I have to cry." Then, crushed in the mob of police and officials, she was swept away to meet her public. In the relative calm behind Rosi's departure, her mother said, "She is a lion. She is quite tough. Today I have seen tears in her eyes for the first time."

And now talk of three gold medals for Rosi began. It was an exciting possibility to consider, something no woman skier had ever accomplished. But as anticipation swirled around the German racer, she kept spinning a kind of grandmotherly wisdom. She said that an Olympic medal won in a race or two was not half as important to her as winning a World Cup title, which signified excellence and consistency. Rosi even managed to speak of the fun of her sport. "Everybody should enjoy skiing," she said. "One should not take ski racing too seriously. I have had some very bad results in my career from doing just that."

On the day Rosi won her third gold medal, the long, steep giant slalom course at Lizum was thickly flanked with spectators. Perhaps 35,000 were on hand, most of them Germans who had been pouring across the border since long be-

fore dawn. They chanted, "Rosi, Rosi," sometimes spontaneously, sometimes at the prompting of an ABC-TV director. There were so many people on the mountain that dozens decided to climb trees to view the race. The public address system announcer finally shouted, "People up in the trees. *Achtung!* Please come down. It is in your own interest. It is in the interest of the other spectators, and it is in the interest of the trees."

The first one down the course was a Canadian, Kathy Kreiner, 18, a strong but heretofore ordinary racer. Her time of 1:29.13 represented an unknown quantity; there was nothing to compare it with. The next two racers were more than two seconds slower. Then Rosi charged out of the gate, recording a slightly better interval time than Kreiner. The mountainside heard the report and burst into excited sound. Her next interval was considerably better than Kreiner's and the crowd at the bottom began to bellow. People heaved forward against the slats of a restraining fence, bulging it. When Rosi skied into the lower third of the course, perhaps she relaxed a bit, possibly her concentration eased up. She attacked two gates straight on and she had to skid slightly to get through them. She lost the time edge—and she also lost the race, finishing 12 of a second behind Kathy. Still, she had a silver medal to go with the golden pair, and no woman skier had ever done *that*, either. Given the immense pressure, it had been a spectacular achievement.

As for Kathy Kreiner, she may go down in history renowned only as the woman who beat Rosi rather than for her own accomplishment. While she has been racing on the World Cup circuit for six years, she had won only one race (in 1974) and this season had never placed better than ninth. If it seemed an injustice that she beat Rosi out of her third gold, it could only be said that this was the luck of the Olympics.

After Rosi's performances, the men's slalom races seemed anticlimactic. Franz Klammer, the mighty downhiller, had a go at the giant slalom and bombed out. Hens Hemmi, 27, a tiny, bearded, unknown Swiss racer won, and stood at the bottom to suffer the surprised stares of the crowd. ABC's Bob Beattie, groping for just the right searching question, stuck a mike in front of Hemmi's beard

continued

Peter Mueller started fast in the 1,000 and finished fourth with his fiancée, silver medalist Leah Poulos. Kathy Kreiner, the Canadian co-saf winner in the giant slalom, celebrates with Rosi and bronze medalist Daniela Daberner.



and said, "Tell me, do you think you won the race because you are so small?" Hemmi blinked in confusion and said, "Please!"

The slalom gold went to Italian Piero Gros, flashing home ahead of his countryman and four-time World Cup champion, Gustavo Thöni, and the male half of the improbable Liechtenstein one-two punch, Willy Frommelt. In the first run, American Geoff Bruce set a breakneck pace and had the world beaten—until he crashed into a gate like a tumbling windmill some 20 yards from the finish line.

But if the U.S. team was less than perfect on skis, it excelled, for the second week, on skates. Peter Mueller, 21, is a slim and handsome speedster from Mequon, Wis. and the best in the world at 1,000 meters. Racing in Europe since January, he had lost eight pounds. "I don't feel strong," he said. "I'm not in my best shape." He didn't race particularly well in the 500 meters, finishing fifth, and the night before the 1,000 he was doubtful of his chances.

The next morning Mueller was slated to start early, and he drew a weak partner in his heat, an unfortunate circumstance since everybody behind him could shoot at his time and his slower opponent could not press him to extraordinary effort. But Mueller broke away neatly and powered through, striding out in 1:19.32. The most worrisome threats were two Russians, Valery Muratov and Alexander Safronov, and both made the same mistake: they sprinted too fast at the start and thus had too little left for the finish. When it was clear that Mueller had won, by the very decisive margin of 1.13 seconds over silver medalist Jørn Dridksen of Norway and 1.25 over the veteran Muratov, a longtime skating pal, Muratov said repeatedly, "I'm so happy." And obviously he meant it.

Another Wisconsinite, 20-year-old Dan Immerfall, added the 500-meter bronze to the U.S. speed skating medal pile and to the final count, including Sheila Young's gold, silver and bronze and Leah Poulos' silver from the week before, added up to a gratifying six.

Then came the most glamorous gold medal of the Games, Dorothy Hamill, 19, the lovely U.S. figure skating champion from Riverside, Conn., had been unbeatable all week, scoring high in the disciplined school figures, then adding

more points in the compulsory short program. The final event, the full freestyle program, is the Olympic equivalent of a night at the opera. It draws an audience like no other at the Games, sleek and fashionable, spectators who sleep and shop by day and never set a Guccio-loafed foot on a slalom run. So it was in Innsbruck.

Hamill drew the 14th starting spot, as befits a star; other competitors would warm up the audience. And warm them up they did. Soviet sprite Yelena Vodorozova, at 12 the youngest Olympian of them all, swept into a leggy, darting, butterflylike program that drew hearty applause. The response was warm, too, for lithe Wendy Burge, 18, of Garden Grove, Calif. But as expected their scores did not reflect the sparkle of their skating. Then Dorothy came on and the crowd settled back. She skated cautiously, with perhaps less flair than she might have shown had she not enjoyed such a commanding lead. There was no standing ovation, but the crowd obviously thought her dazzling, and when she finished enthusiasts littered the rink with flowers.

The last woman up was world champion Dianne de Leeuw of Paramount, Calif., who, having dual citizenship, skates for The Netherlands. She had beaten Dorothy in 1975 for the world title, but this night was to mark her dethroning. For a moment there was a look of resignation on her face that indicated she knew it. She skated bravely into second place.

Dorothy Hamill took her gold medal to dinner, pausing occasionally to look at it in satisfaction. At 5 a.m. she took it to bed, putting it under her pillow. Next day at breakfast, when someone asked where her medal was, she reached into her blouse and pulled it up on its red and white ribbon. "Right here," she said.

Of the Games' exercises in courage none was more affecting than that of Bill Koch, the 20-year-old Vermonter whose 30-kilometer cross-country silver medal in the opening week had been a rare surprise. In the second week, running the third leg of the 40-kilometer relay, he sprinted from eighth place to put the U.S. temporarily, and astonishingly, in third as he touched the anchor man. And finally he essayed the punishing 50-kilometer run. That he came in 13th was entirely honorable—it was the best U.S. finish

ever in the 50. That he finished at all speaks of his determination.

"I began to get suspicious at about 25 kilometers that I was going to run into a brick wall," said Koch. "I was afraid of losing consciousness out on the back end of the course and just lying there in the snow. There's nobody to pick you up. I don't know how or why I finished. Maybe a little bit of pride. When I came across the finish line I just couldn't see anymore. I couldn't do anything."

Attending physicians said Koch was suffering from cerebral hypoxia, an insufficiency of blood reaching the brain. That added to his chronic "exercise-induced asthma" made Koch's journey into pain excruciating.

Until the final event of the Games, the Austrians, en masse, were hurting almost as much as Koch. Their performances had been disappointing, with only Klammer's pressure-cooker gold medal in the men's downhill to satisfy their high hopes. The natives were so angry at the ski team leaders that Coach Toni Sailer said, only half-jokingly, that he might soon need police protection. The women skiers had only Brigitte Totschnig's silver medal in the downhill to wave about, and bitter spectators had taken to shouting obscenities at Austrian skiers as they raced. But on Sunday afternoon, in a gray fog that blanketed out the Alps, two young ski jumpers, Karl Schnabl, 21, and Toni Innauer, 17, came through.

Innauer went first on both jumps. When he had finished he stood in first place ahead of a pair of East Germans. Now Schnabl was up for his last jump. He fidgeted interminably, adjusting his goggles again and again. The Bergisel stadium, packed with a crowd of 70,000, was hushed. At last Schnabl pulled himself over the edge, sped down the incline and sprang off the lip of the jump. He soared and soared, and landed with a clean clap of skis. Then the stadium erupted: Schnabl had edged past his teammate to win the gold medal. The crowd surged around him. On the final day Austrian athletics had performed capably for the nation that calls itself the world capital of winter sport, and for visitors who had come to view Innsbruck as a jewel among Olympic cities.

Charming in performance, demure in victory, Dorothy Hamill was always a winning figure.

CONTINUED



IMAGES OF DOWNHILL

Out of the whirligig of skis and skates and rumbling bobsleds, shining sharp moments emerged, to be frozen in memory: crystalline evocations of the mood and texture of the 12th Winter

The vertical valor of Franz Klammer's step-'n'-dash downhill set the tone for the Games. Everyone had to go wild, Nelly's Piero Gros showed his mettle with a giant slalom that would have done credit to Ferrari—no kin to the drink he guzzled sloppily after he won his gold medal. The snow apes of the slopes drank it all in with glee from their treetop perches.

INNSBRUCK AND UP

Olympics. At times, in the midst of the great noncommittal mountains, there were displays of nationalism, but on the whole the chill of partisanship was thawed in the warmth of superior sport.

continued





A touch of the old Euro-American hunting ethos cropped up in the biathlon, where the crackle of .223 cartridges punctuated the hush of cross-country skis. And the feat of sheer exhaustion, after a long trek over an arduous Nordic course, was a common sight. Anguish and exhilaration kept pace with one another.





There were preflights too, as East Germany's Anett Postuchopiecky attested in her final free-skating program. But for every downturn there was an uplift, as the jumpers demonstrated on their lolly leaps from the 70- and 50-meter hills. In the face of such flights, it's a wonder the judges could focus on form.

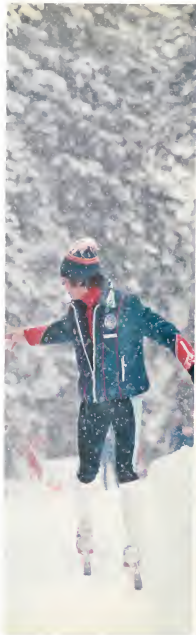
continued





All about there was evidence of scientific advances. For example, West Germany's Horst Fresse wore a new rubber frogman suit that apparently aided him not a whit in speed skating. America's cross-country marvel, Bill Koch, was handed a bottle of glucose energizer on the trail, but he was near collapse at the end of his 50-km. run.





The Soviet Union's 12-year-old Yelena Vodorenzova was the youngest competitor. To some she was an echo of Olga Nurbut. To others the delicate Vodorenzova made Korbut look like Bronko Nagurski. Although she finished 12th, she was the special darling of Innsbruck, and in time she may well become an Olympic skating champion.

continued





Day after day there was a dual charm to the Games, as exemplified on the one hand by the impish ploys of Lord Killen, president of the International Olympic Committee, who helped keep pomposity down, and on the other by the flare of competition, even if in vein, as in the case of Japan's four-man bobsled team, whizzing under the Olympic flag, soundly defeated but enjoying every avaraging, fiery minute of it.

The End





AN ODDS-ON FAVORITE IN VEGAS

High rollers would be well advised to put their chips on the high-scoring University of Nevada, Las Vegas, whose wide-open style of play keeps the scoreboard flickering like the lights on the Strip

by BARRY McDERMOTT

If the tales its rivals tell are to be believed, the University of Nevada, Las Vegas basketball team has blackjack tables at courtside, Howard Hughes as its athletic director, the point spread on the scoreboard, laundered money, Robert Vesco's jet and horizontally striped uniforms, complete with balls and chains.

All of the above is merely the wailing of disappointed men. The fact is that the most lurid thing about the UNLV team is its nickname—the Rebels. Sure, Las Vegas has dazed its opposition by averaging almost as many points as the Golden State Warriors and dazzled some of its recruits by having Frank Sinatra croon to them. Indeed, the plush Strip is within easy walking distance of the campus, and the coach is considered a fugitive from justice by many of his peers. But in the eyes of their opponents, the most irritating thing about the Rebels, who were unheralded before the season, is the quiet way in which they have built a glittering 24-1 record. In a town replete with unfulfilled promises, UNLV has become that rarest of rarities, an almost sure thing.

And Las Vegas's foes are not likely to stop complaining. Even though most of the Rebels' victories have been against weak opponents, they have looked so impressive that they are a genuine threat to break the bank when NCAA tournament time rolls around next month.

In one game a wary opponent attempted to slow down the tempo and Las Vegas scored only 69 points—in the first half. The Rebels are pumping in 108.8 per game and shooting to break the collegiate record of 105.1 set by Oral Roberts in 1972. Meanwhile, Coach Jerry Tarkenton is improving his record as the winningest active coach at a major college; he has won 85.9% of his games in eight seasons. Tarkenton also leads the nation in biting things—fingernails and towels, but never the hand that feeds him—and in being most investigated and persecuted for some alleged white-collar crime. The NCAA has everybody except Fearless Fosdick on his case, but Tark the Shark continues to proclaim his innocence. Either Tarkenton is being unjustly hounded, or he is the most

steadfast stonewaller since Watergate.

Perhaps the investigators' senses have been knocked askew from watching too many of the Rebels' SRO home-game spectacles. The school is located only half a mile from the glitter of the Strip, and a lot of show biz rubs off. A visiting coach once showed up wearing a tuxedo. Players are introduced in the darkened Convention Center as a band plays, fans clap and whirling, multicolored spotlights zigzag wildly. Stars such as Wayne Newton, Bill Cosby and Totie Fields stare from the stands, mesmerized by behind-the-back passes, between-the-legs dribbles, over-the-rainbow jump shots and a helter-skelter offense that needs only start and finish lines to turn into a genuine track meet. No wonder



everyone in the city has tired eyes.

It is a mistake to laugh off Las Vegas as an uncontrolled bunch of outlaws, even if Assistant Coach Ralph Readout once worked in a reformatory. The Reb-

els' style may be high tempo, but they play with discipline and intelligence. They practice long and hard, with Tarkanian screaming at them like the boss of a chain gang, and they are not allowed to converse during pregame meals on the road. Las Vegas picks apart zone defenses, it is impossible to press and defend tenaciously. Guard Glen Gondrezick took so many charging fouls last year that he developed a cyst on his chest and needed an operation. The Rebels have beaten good teams—Michigan, Arizona, New Mexico and Houston—and their average margin of victory is 20.9 points, partly because they mashed one hapless opponent, Cal, Irvine, by 72.

The Rebels' success is predicated on their explosive offense. Vegas was down by nine points at halftime against Nevada, Reno, scored 75 points in the second half and won easily. After Las Vegas came to Albuquerque and beat New Mexico, losing Coach Norm Ellenberger said, "We've never seen such quick hands. They're the best ever to come in here."

As good as the Rebels are, none of their fans are getting flush on them—at least not legally. Las Vegas betting shops, which handle action on college games all over the country, are not allowed to list UNLV contests. This is fine with a lot of Rebel supporters, many of whom complained when the band played *Jesus Christ Superstar* at a game this season. And how many teams have a buckner who wears an orange "Jesus Is The Lord" shirt while watching his team play? He is the same man who rode his bicycle to Tempe, Ariz. last year to see the Rebels perform in the NCAA West regional.

Despite his glittering records at Long Beach State and Las Vegas, Tarkanian has not slept well for years. The NCAA probably has a wanted poster of him hanging in its mailroom. He built Long Beach into a national power during his five years there, using mostly junior-college transfers, a breed that has as bad a reputation as New Jersey politicians. Long Beach eventually was put on probation by the NCAA, but by then Tarkanian had moved to Las Vegas. Some thought "escaped" was a better verb. The Long Beach president subsequently proposed to the NCAA that a coach who leaves an institution that is put on probation be put on probation himself at his new school. It is commonly called "The Tarkanian Rule."

The NCAA is investigating Tarkanian anew. It has interviewed all of his present and former players, and the majority of those he tried unsuccessfully to recruit. Not long ago sleuths were going through old campus parking tickets to see if Tark had fixed those his players had received, and an investigator visited a local automobile dealer to determine what kind of car Rocky Sebers, now a rookie guard with the NBA Suns, drove when he played for Las Vegas. "It was a '68 Mustang," says Tarkanian. "He was probably the only All-America in the country driving a '68."

Tarkanian's wife Lois is his avenging angel. She is writing a book about the NCAA and coaches who live in glass houses. If everything she says is true, its title could be: *Graft Is Their Craft*. "We heard that the NCAA told one coach that Jerry was trying to blackmail its investigators with prostitutes and marijuana," says Lois. "We're neurotic here. How would you like to live 4½ years with people asking you questions every day? Now they're checking into where our players get their clothes. They wear T shirts and jeans. Well, once in a while Reggie Theus will look nice, but he had those clothes in high school. And they want to know who paid for our house." That is the five-bedroom, \$100,000 edifice with the swimming pool, the Jacuzzi and the high-ceilinged, air-conditioned garage with a basketball goal inside so the kids can play during the hot summers.

Before junior Forward Jackie Robinson's mother died last year of cancer, she gave Lois a notarized statement condemning an NCAA investigator for harassment. The Tarkanians briefly considered adopting Robinson, but the plan was dropped, probably because Tarkanian yells at him so much in practice that Robinson did not want to have to listen to more of the same at home.

"The NCAA's always buggin' us," says Forward Theus. "Look, if they want to get you, they'll get you," says Robinson. "All schools do something illegal. They have to, because the money they are allowed to give the players isn't enough to live on. I was considering quitting school because I didn't have money for food and no parents to give me any. The place I lived in last year was like Watts, holes in the wall and everything."

"He didn't have rugs on the floor," interrupts teammate Robert Smith. "He had dirt."



With a montage of glittering Vegas landmarks as backdrop, Coach Tarkanian is on stage with some of his Rebels: (standing) Theus, Brown, Robert Smith, Gondrezick; (kneeling) Owens, Sam Smith, Robinson.

continued

Yamaha introduces a production motorcycle no one else is prepared to produce.

The new Yamaha RD400. Right now, there is no other motorcycle like it.

The cast aluminum wheels are an obvious innovation. They're easier to maintain than traditional spoke wheels. Certainly, they're more stylish. And on the RD400, cast aluminum wheels are standard equipment.

Another innovation is the self-cancelling turn signal. This is a Yamaha exclusive that's both a safety feature and a convenience all motorcyclists will appreciate.

Then there's the RD400's engine. A two-stroke, twin 400cc

engine that's a direct descendant of the 350 Yamaha world champion road racer. A motorcycle with legendary power.

Yet, for all that power, stopping will be quick and sure. Fade resistant disc brakes are the reason, and the RD400 has a disc brake on the rear, as well as the front. And that's another innovation.

Right now, no one else is prepared to produce a motorcycle like the RD400.

Right now, you could be on it.

**Someday,
you'll own a Yamaha.**



"Now I live with my girl friend," continues Robinson. "One NCAA guy asked me if they gave me \$100,000 to come to school. I said, 'If somebody offered me that, I'd take it, and I wouldn't tell you about it.' Wow, \$100,000! They don't even offer Jabbar that much. I can't change no program around."

Tarkanian still can laugh, a little. He saw a friend in a new Thunderbird and said, "If I were driving that, the NCAA would machine-gun it." And after John Whisenant, an assistant at New Mexico who also has been investigated by the NCAA, kidded Tarkanian about joining the Las Vegas staff, Tark said, "If I hired you, the NCAA would parachute in the investigators."

In more serious moments Tarkanian claims the NCAA, which will release the results of its preliminary investigation of Las Vegas soon, has nothing on him. He says he has been so cautious that he makes school boosters carry copies of the NCAA recruiting rule book.

Unfortunately for him, Tarkanian looks the part of a master criminal. He is short and balding and has dark circles under his eyes. He is so nervous that he bites his fingernails down to where it hurts to look at them. And he is superstitious. Tark keeps two towels under his seat at court-side and munches on them during games. Other rituals range from the selection of clothing and hotel rooms to strict procedures for pregame walks and handshakes. Then there is the clipboard that sits on the seat next to him. Once he forgot to take it to an away game, and Manager Gil Castillo, who has been with Tarkanian for seven years, had to return to Las Vegas to retrieve it.

Tarkanian's players have one major criticism of him; they say he is too hard on them. During preseason conditioning drills he made them wear 20-pound weighted jackets, and they complain that he never congratulates them after a good game. "Aw, they all want to be kissed on the ear," responds Tarkanian.

By keeping his kisses to a minimum, Tarkanian has won 12 league championships in 13 years of coaching on the junior- and major-college levels. While he was at Long Beach, his teams had never dropped a home game. When the Rebels lost to Texas Tech in the Convention Center two years ago, one of only two defeats there under Tarkanian, booster Sig Rogich went home and threw up. Rogich was the man who lured Tark to

Las Vegas with an offer that was widely reported to include a \$22,000 salary, a house, furniture, two cars, an unlimited expense account, free medical and dental care, houses and cars for his two assistant coaches and a \$3,000 clothing allowance.

Tarkanian's record is outstanding, but the statistic his players like best is the one that shows he is averaging better than one man in the pros for each year of major-college coaching. "He's hard to play for, but he gets the most out of you," says Robinson. "He sees everything," says Forward Eddie Owens. "It's almost a privilege to play for him, looking at some of the people he has turned out." The best are Sobers, Ed Ratliff (Houston Rockets) and Leonard Gray (Seattle SuperSonics), and even though Tarkanian's teams are usually high-scoring, all three players made quick reputations with their pro teams for their defensive expertise.

And Tarkanian has not always been playing with \$100 chips. When he was in high school, Gondrezick wrote two letters to UCLA and never received a reply. Several other Rebels were barely recruited by other colleges. Tarkanian is most proud of landing Theus, because he is the first player Tark has ever signed whom UCLA also wanted.

The player who most frustrates Tarkanian is Lewis Brown, a 6'10" reserve center who, the coach says, "could be the best big man in the country." At practices Brown lumbers around, shooting weird, off-balance shots. "He keeps me mad at him all the time," says Tarkanian, "but he's a nice kid, an honest kid."

Tarkanian parcels out playing time almost evenly among eight players, only one of whom is a senior. Leading scorer Owens is averaging 23.2 points, even though he is playing only 27 minutes a game. Unless Brown is making a rare appearance with the regulars, the Rebels start what amounts to four forwards, each of them 6'7," and a guard, six-footer Robert Smith. "We eat up those slow, fat forwards," says Owens, a half-Japanese left-hander with a quick first step and a deft outside shot.

Boyd (King Cobra) Batts, the only senior among the top eight players, is the Rebel captain, an honor he takes seriously. Tarkanian has had to talk to him about riding his teammates too hard. After one game the Cobra complained to a reporter, "We'd be better if everybody'd

quit trying to lead the country in scoring and stop throwing showboat passes that you can't catch." Assistant Coach Readout gave Batts his nickname, because "he slithers around, then strikes at you."

Unlike most run-and-shoot teams, Las Vegas has time for solid defense. "Tark calls the blocked shot the worst play in basketball," says Theus. "He wants us to take the charging fouls."

"And everybody takes them," says Gondrezick. "Even Lewis."

Gondrezick takes so many that he could get a job as a bull's-eye, and the fans love him for it. Las Vegas merchants are sold out of the extra-high socks he wears—they are called Gondo Socks—as well as an item called Gondo Shirts.

Still, this is a team of hot shooters, and the best is JC transfer and reserve Guard Sam Smith. He scored seven points in 15 seconds once this season. Smith previously played at Oklahoma's Seminole Junior College, where, he says, "There'd be 200 people in the stands. Indians on the one side—cowboys on the other." Shooting came naturally at Seminole.

Las Vegas receives a lot of help from its fans. Stars like Frank Sinatra have been known to influence recruits, although this might not be a very good year for Old Blue Eyes. Tarkanian asked him to speak to New York's 6'9" Jim Graziano, one of this season's most intensely recruited high schoolers, and although Sinatra reportedly gave Graziano his best *paisano-to-paisano* patter, the youngster has signed to go to South Carolina. That is not likely to make Sinatra unwelcome at this spring's team banquet: He was the headliner at a similar affair last year.

Dave Pearl and Dr. Wayne Pearson headed an athletic fund-raising program that amassed \$458,000 in 1975. More than 600 fans will fill three chartered planes to follow the Rebels when they make a two-game trip to Hawaii this week. That is quite a change for Tarkanian, who could not get his team games on AM radio at Long Beach.

In the city that loves a winner more than any other, enthusiasm for the Rebels is hardly surprising. And it is not startling that the UNLV players, like everyone else in town, have a lucky charm. He is balding substitute Center Don Weimer, whose head is always available for rubbing before games. In Las Vegas, it's great to be good, but better to be lucky. The Rebels don't miss a bet in either regard.

END

SLICK'S HIS NAME-AND HIS GAME

Seattle's nifty guard would be a
shoo-in in a popularity contest, too

by JOHN PAPANKE

Whether or not Slick Watts is the most popular athlete ever to perform in the state of Washington is no longer in question. Forget Hugh McElhenny, Elgin Baylor and Lenny Wilkens. The question now is: Why do Washingtonians regard a totally bald six-foot, 24-year-old black backcourtman as the most popular person ever to live in the state?

What about Judy Collins? Bing Crosby? That celebrated pick and roll artist Jimi Hendrix? The next President of the United States, Henry (Scoop) Jackson? Watts, who plays for the Seattle SuperSonics, isn't even close to being a superstar. He's a very good player and getting better, and he leads the young Sonics with boundless optimism and energy. He also leads the universe in color on court and off.

Watts emerged 2½ years ago from a tiny college undrafted by the professionals, played his way onto the Sonics and as each new segment of America caught his act—an odd-looking sort of basketball player, gnomish with quicksilver moves, a shiny scalp and a gold or green headband—people laughed and were captivated, as those in Seattle had been.

And even though Watts leads the NBA in steals and assists, people still guffaw at his playing style, which is more Mack Sennett than Oscar Robertson: darting, swiping, juking, grinning—always grinning; making improbable passes and somehow getting falling-down, bent-over baseball-throw shots into the basket when they're needed most.

"Slick's a good player, a great one for us," says Coach Bill Russell, who, like everyone else in Seattle, has adjective problems when it comes to describing Watts. "I said when he came that the one thing that could help us more than his improvement as a player would be his enthusiasm to become contagious. And it has. The chemistry on this team is excellent, like the old Celtics'. And Slick is the guy that does most to keep it that way."

Bob Walsh, the Sonics' assistant general manager, says he has never met a per-

son with the PR power and magnetism of Slick Watts. "You can talk about athletes getting too much money, but here's one guy who's worth every cent he gets," he says. "Watts has been everywhere, knows almost everyone and has them in his pockets. They love him here. If Washington were ready for a bald black governor from Mississippi, Slick would be the guy. Only he's too genuine."

Last year Slick made more than 300 appearances around Seattle. He visited the Salvation Army and B'nai B'rith. At high schools he spent hours playing one-on-one with any kid that got in line. He lit up wards at children's hospitals, and at elementary schools he bent down so little children could rub his shiny head. His answers to their questions delighted the kids and teachers alike. Why does he wear the headband? "To keep the hair out of my eyes." Why is his head bald? "I shave it and oil it so I can slip through the other team's defense easier." In the evenings he handled the parents at Rotary Club and PTA meetings with equal facility. He never refuses a requested appearance unless his schedule prohibits it, and never refuses an autograph except just before a game. He used to sign his way from the parking lot to the dressing room, but it threw off his shooting. So he has taken to signing a few hundred index cards beforehand, which he hands out on the way in. After a game Slick will sign until the last fan is gone.

"I am rewarded by my community for

doing something that makes people happy," says Watts. "Giving pleasure is the greatest thing a person can do in his life. I tell them thank you for treating me the way you'd treat a superstar. But you know something? I saw my first pro basketball player when I got on the court to play against him. I want the kids to know that I'm just like them, that I'm no superman just because I play ball. I am a part of this community, and it is a beautiful place. God picked it out just for me, said, 'Slick, I got this little heaven for you. I call it Seattle.' If they ever trade me, I retire."

The remarkable thing about Watts is that he is not in basketball for the money. For most of his appearances he only gets token payments from the Sonics. His familiar banded head invites folks to Sonic games from billboards all over town, and newspaper and TV people consider him instant copy. (One TV newswoman says, "Whenever things are slow we just find out what Slick's doing and take a camera crew.") If he wanted to, he could endorse everything from toothpaste to haberdashery. But his lawyer and adviser, Bob Muschel, is wary about products that might cheapen Slick's image, even though the endorsements could easily triple his income.

Dave Watkins, the team's PR director, often surrenders a phone and a desk at the Sonics' office to accommodate Watts, who nearly reduces the place to a shambles when the team is in town. He ties up phones and orders secretaries around and, like everyone else, they succumb helplessly. "I wish I could really get mad at him. Just once," says Watkins. "I try."

"He's mystical," says Walsh. "He's the kind of guy who can make you believe anything he says." When he was filming a United Way television spot, a director asked him how a man has

continued

Watts has no time to spare for opposing players, but fans outside Seattle's Center Coliseum are another matter. He'll sign and sign



The proud smoke

Product of a proud land.

Tobacco. It's as proud a part of the American tradition as the Statue of Liberty. At Liggett & Myers, we've made tobacco into a cigarette worthy of that tradition. The rich, mellow, distinctively smooth L&M. Smoke it proudly.

For enter poster of New York Harbor without commercial identification, send 2 L&M pack bottoms and 198 to P.O. Box 90-9004, Minneapolis, MN 55440. Offer void to persons under 21 years of age. Good in U.S. only, except where prohibited, licensed, taxed or restricted by law. Offer expires December 31, 1978. Allow four to six weeks for delivery.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health



Filter King, 15 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75.

size could play among all those giants. With a straight face, Slick explained, "In anatomy I learned that it takes less time for a message to get from the brain to the feet of a little man than it does with a big man. So when I decide to move, my feet know it way before *his* do." And for a few seconds the man believed him.

Though a walk-on's chances in the NBA are remote, Watts is not surprised at his success. Back in Mississippi, in his native Rolling Fork (pop. 2,500), he excelled at every sport and was always voted "most popular." When he was little, he says, he used to have his head shaved in a style that was popular among Southern blacks in the early '60s. But a blow to the head in a football game when he was 13 left him with a permanent bald patch, and thereafter he has kept his whole pate shaved. He survived the nicknames Map Head and Shine through high school and one year at Grandview Junior College in Iowa. When he enrolled at Xavier University of Louisiana in New Orleans, some inspired sophisticate started to call him Slick.

In his senior year Watts averaged 17.4 points, and had eight steals a game. But despite a tireless selling job by his coach, Bob Hopkins, also a scout for Boston and Baltimore from 1967 through 1972 (and since last year Russell's assistant in Seattle), Watts' name went unmentioned through all 10 rounds of the NBA and ABA drafts. "I was hurt," he says. "I began to think the pros were not aware of me."

Hopkins convinced Memphis of the ABA to draft Watts in a late supplementary round, but they never invited him to camp. However, Hopkins had one last ace up his sleeve. His cousin was about to become coach and general manager of a team, and Hopkins thought if anyone would give his passing and ball-stealing wizard a chance it would be Bill Russell, who was inheriting the floundering Sonics.

Watts showed up at the Sonics' camp among 35 unheard-ofs in August 1973. "I didn't know a thing about him," says Russell. "Just that Hop sent him and said he could play. I *did* know that he was about the funniest-looking guy I had ever seen."

Watts made the team, the only rookie to do so, and at the time Russell could only say, "I don't know why I kept him."

Six weeks into the season he found out. The Sonics were 9-17 and Watts had averaged about nine seconds of playing time per game. "Every day I told Russ I was ready," says Watts, "and every day he said, 'Sit down, Slick.'" On Dec. 1 Russell sent him in against Atlanta on a whim, and Watts got 21 points and four assists. The next night against the Bulls he scored 24 with 11 rebounds, six assists, two steals and a blocked shot. "I knew then that this guy was inspired," said Russell.

Last season, as Seattle's third guard, Watts was seventh in the NBA in assists, fourth in steals and scored 6.8 points a game. As a starter in the playoffs he averaged 11 points and seven assists a game. In the final game of the conference semifinal, which Seattle lost 105-96 to Golden State, he played 48 minutes, had 24 points, 11 assists and four steals. Russell called it one of the greatest games of basketball ever played. Before this season, Seattle traded Guard Archie Clark to Detroit, and Donald Earl Watts—undrafted, unknown and uncommon—became a starter and a \$100,000 player.

Now he is ahead of everybody in the league in steals (170) and assists (417) and is scoring 12.3 points a game. Russell has named him co-captain, and he has taken over the leadership role that Spencer Haywood was expected to shoulder for 4½ years but couldn't. The Sonics are the youngest team in pro basketball (24.2 years) and perhaps the most promising, and Watts' popularity has an enormous amount to do with the fact that a team hovering around the shady side of .500 is drawing an average crowd of 13,300, second best in the NBA.

"It's impossible to calculate Slick's worth to the team," says Walsh. "He puts at least 1,000 a night into the Coliseum, and those are just the people he's met in the last week or kids he's met who demand that their parents take them to the game. Even if he couldn't play, he'd be worth an awful lot to us. If we ever traded him, we'd all have to leave town."

As naive as the Sonics think Watts may be (Walsh once told him that Russell was "incommunicado" and Slick proposed putting in a call to him there), Watts and Musselhl have a pretty good idea of his value, and last June they wrote a 16-page proposal to Russell and Owner Sam Schulman to inform them of it. In the

first two years of his three-year contract, Watts earned \$23,500 and \$40,000. The final year called for \$45,000. Watts asked for a new five-year package starting at \$120,000 and reaching \$176,000. "Hardly unreasonable," said Musselhl. Haywood had been getting \$302,000. Tommy Burleson was in his second no-cut year at \$325,000. Frank Oleynick, the No. 1 rookie, is getting \$100,000. But when Schulman offered \$100,000 a year for three years, making Watts one of the few, if not the only, undrafted free-agent in history to pull down six figures, Watts accepted. He even proposed a rider to the contract that would free the Sonics from their obligation if he did not play well. Schulman and Russell told him it wasn't necessary and had to keep from laughing until Watts had left the office.

Although \$100,000 is about average for an NBA starter, the magic figure has moved Watts into a realm far removed from his working-class roots in Mississippi. He is building a new home for his parents and his two 5-year-old sons there ("Mistakes from when I was younger, but mistakes that I love more than anything") and has beautifully furnished his \$40,000 cedar frame house in Kirkland, a Seattle suburb, where he lives with his wife Deborah.

"His aura will surely expand," says Musselhl. "He has risen to the top of every community he has ever been in, regardless of the size. To do what he's done in Seattle in 2½ years is phenomenal. Given the right circumstances, I believe he could become as well known and accumulated as big a following as Muhammad Ali." Watts talks of writing and acting, and Russell and the community-minded Sonics are thinking of sponsoring a Saturday morning children's TV show on which Slick would be a regular. Not too long ago Watts heard through an intermediary that Woody Allen had spotted him in a New York restaurant and "got good vibes." "I wouldn't mind making a movie with him," says Watts.

Just a couple of months ago Musselhl advised Watts to start his own corporation—to handle his speaking engagements, market a few Slick Watts items, such as T-shirts and headbands, and provide a nice tax shelter. "O.K.," said Watts. "I'll call it Slick Watts Limited." Musselhl disagreed. "It's got to be Slick Watts Unlimited," he said.

AND

WHEN THEY BUILD WITHOUT A BLUEPRINT

The architects of progress who constructed the massive Mica Creek Dam on the Columbia never considered the consequences to the fish and wildlife until water began drowning the land. Then it was too late

by ROBERT CANTWELL

In the silence and snow, through three winters, the Mica Creek reservoir on the Columbia River has been filling, inch by inch, mile by mile, up into the mountain canyons of British Columbia. The Rockies are on one side, the 7,000-to-11,000-foot peaks of the Selkirks and the Monashies on the other. Between stands that man-made mountain, the 600-foot Mica Creek Dam, which was built to control floods and develop hydroelectric power. Next fall the water will reach its maximum level. But already it appears this magnificent wilderness area will never reach its maximum recreational potential; those who expect it to be a vast tourist draw are discouraged. Plans have been scaled down and slowed down. "Mica Creek is a mess. It will never be usable," says one resident of Valemount, British Columbia, five miles north of the reservoir. Another man rose wearily at a public meeting and said, "Let the valleys go back to sleep." It is too late for that, but we can learn a lesson from what happened at Mica Creek.

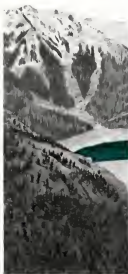
Work on the dam began in July 1963. Two tunnels were bored through the east bank of the river and the flow of the Columbia diverted through them. The riverbed was dug down 150 feet to bedrock for the foundation of the dam. Seventy dump trucks moved ceaselessly between the dam site and a flood plain five miles upstream. This was the famous Big Bend of the Columbia. The Wood River and the Canoe joined the Columbia there, and the combined streams, creating a huge river, flowed south and west to the Pacific, 1,000 miles away. Centuries of glacial

deposits had created an immense gravel bed at the Big Bend, 42 million cubic yards of which were hauled to the dam site. The loads were dumped, flattened and pounded down, and the dam rose with excruciating slowness, about 200 feet a year, until it reached its present height and was half a mile wide.

The gates were closed on March 29, 1973 and the water began backing up. Less than two months later the government of British Columbia established a study group to report on the resources and potential problems of the reservoir and surrounding areas. It consisted of 32 distinguished officials from nine government departments. The chairman was drawn from outside the government. He was Kenneth Farquharson, a 39-year-old engineer in private practice in Vancouver who earlier had worked on the dam's design. At that time he had joined other engineers in trying to persuade the government of Premier William Cecil Bennett to study the impact of the planned reservoir on the surrounding region, but Farquharson got nowhere. "The government was unresponsive," he says tersely, discouraging further questioning.

It was only when the reservoir began to fill that the government agreed to make the study. The premier at this time was David Barrett, whose attitude was more sympathetic to conservation. But the difficulties were formidable. The water was backing up over the countryside while the experts were preparing to study what its effects would be. "There is still time," Farquharson said stoically as the group began its work. Some exasperation was evident in his eventual report, which not-

The reservoir has obliterated the Columbia and other mighty rivers and lies placid and murky with debris amid splendid canyons.



continued

VALEMOUNT

Canoe River

Wood River

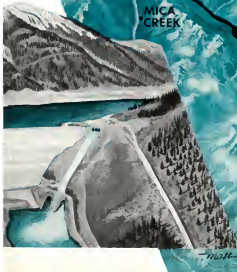
Mica Dam

MICA CREEK

Columbia River

Bush River

DONALD



ed. "The Mica Dam was completed early in 1973 after 20 years of investigation and design, but with minimal study of the effects of the reservoir on local communities, the forest industry, wildlife and other natural resources."

It would be easy to dismiss the work of the group as a scrupulous collection of second thoughts made necessary by the absence of first thoughts, but in fact it is an astonishing document, a blueprint worth studying by architects of progress.

One result has been the enforced education of the provincial government about what was in the country that is now submerged. For example, it turns out that there were many more animals than had been thought. Stream fishing and spawning grounds were more important than had been suspected. The study group was an official government body, not a collection of crusading environmentalists, but the Sierra Club itself could hardly have come up with more damaging evidence than these unexcusable civil servants produced. The participants included British Columbia Hydro and Power, which built the dam and whose staff could not imagine so remarkable an engineering feat having harmful side effects: the Forest Service, which controlled the cutting of the timber and awarding of logging rights in the area; Fish and Wildlife, a branch of the Department of Recreation and Conservation concerned with protecting any birds or animals that showed signs of still wanting to hang around; and, among others, the departments of mines, agriculture, highways and water resources.

No study was even contemplated before the dam was built. It seemed to be enough that a great lake would be created in singularly beautiful mountain country, a lake 135 miles long and from one to 10 miles wide, walled in by 27 snow peaks, fed by six rivers and 139 streams and creeks, lined with primeval forests of cedar and spruce, fir and balsam, pine and hemlock, totally uninhabited, barely explored. There was talk of boating facilities, ski centers, hunting lodges, lakeshore summer cottages and trails through picture-postcard scenery—"an internationally famous resort" was a phrase sometimes used.

There were reasons for such sanguine expectations. This was a wild yet friendly country. Trees along the river screened out the mountains much of the time, until they were at once familiar and unex-

pected, coming into view suddenly at some open place in the woods, and the contrast between their enormous height and the pleasant valley land gave the place a comfortable grandeur.

Maybe the knowledge that all those glades would soon be buried under 200 or 300 feet of water heightened one's appreciation of them, but they seemed flawless, especially the cedar groves, 200-foot trees rising above open terraces floored with grass and ferns; long white sandbars at river bends, covered with the tracks of moose and bear, smooth pools where beaver slapped the water and ducks took off with fantastic velocity at the sight of a canoe. In one section 60 miles long and 35 miles wide, stretching between the Rockies and the Monashees, only seven structures stood before the dam builders arrived, five log cabins along the Canoe River and two shelters built by a mountain-climbing club on the heights—this the only evidence of human habitation in 2,100 square miles during the 165-year period since the valley was first explored. The Wood River was even less crowded. There were no houses along it, and it was known only because Hudson's Bay Company traders had used the route for crossing the Rockies from 1811 until 1884.

Every five miles along the big rivers, such as the Columbia, the Canoe and the Wood, streams poured into the valleys from the mountains. They were called creeks on the maps, but in any less-well-watered country they could qualify as rivers. They were noisy, turbulent, cheerful intrusions in the quiet woods, no two alike, sometimes dropping in thousand-foot falls over the cliffs, more often surging out of dark, timbered valleys that curved back into unknown country at the base of the mountains. They sparked an exploratory impulse in the most sedentary traveler, a desire to find out where they came from and what sort of country they passed through. The reservoir promised to open the way to them.

Most of the game animals lived along these tributaries rather than by the big rivers. About 100 grizzlies roamed the slopes of the mountains above what is now the reservoir. They liked the immense rock slides, thinly grown over, where millions of cubic yards of rock had spilled into the valleys. The crushed and broken slabs provided holes for dens. Higher on the cliffs about 1,000 mountain goats lived in security, undisturbed by the building of the dam. During the

summers small herds of caribou fed in the meadows just below the timberline, coming down in the winter to browse in the hemlocks near the rivers.

Black bear were more abundant, at least 3,000 living in the heavily wooded sections. Because of the mild winters, the beaver, probably numbering more than 3,000, did not build houses, but dug shelters in the sandy banks where the rivers slowed into deep pools. The British Columbia Wildlife Society put the deer population before flooding at 6,000, a figure Farquharson's group feels is high. The moose population was at least 2,000. A hundred wolves and about 25 cougars inhabited the area. There was never much hunting by humans. Access was too difficult, the terrain too steep, and game was plentiful in more open country farther south. In an average year hunters, led by licensed guides, took out only eight mountain goats, seven grizzlies and 13 moose, and those parties ranged far beyond the reservoir area.

Salmon once spawned in the upper Columbia, but long ago uncontrolled commercial fishing at the mouth of the river severely damaged the salmon run, and the building of the dam at Grand Coulee finished it. Rainbow trout and Dolly Varden char remained, migrating from lake-like sections downstream on the Columbia to spawn in the high mountain creeks. Six hundred thousand waterfowl, principally ducks and Canada geese, but including 10,000 swans, used the wetlands for feeding and resting during migrations, and there was a sizable resident population as well.

That was before the dam was built. What follows is an inventory of the one-second Mica basin today, based on the Farquharson study group's projections:

- The moose herd is down to about 600 animals, a 70% loss.
- Only about 1,000 black bear will survive the flooding of the reservoir, another 70% loss.
- The deer population is down to about 400.
- Aquatic furbearers—beaver, muskrat and otter—have been eliminated.
- Waterfowl nesting within the reservoir has ended. Destruction of feeding and resting habitat has meant the loss of some 150,000 migrants.
- Some 278 miles of fishing streams are submerged. Little, if any, stream fishing remains.
- The water of the reservoir is too

continued



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

The class of 1976; our mutual funds, variable annuities and investment counseling.

1976. The year to make a Mark for yourself.

Some of the most significant designers in the world have coordinated the colors and put their names on special limited editions of the 1976 Continental Mark IV.

The Cartier Edition Mark IV is a creamy grey—the color of fresh water pearls—with a matching landau roof. The interior: pearl grey velour or leather-and-vinyl.

The Pucci Edition Mark IV is a vintage burgundy with a landau roof in gleaming silver vinyl. Inside, velvety burgundy velour with a

loose pillow-back look.

The Givenchy Edition Mark IV is the lush turquoise of the Mediterranean with velour upholstery to match and a white landau roof.

The Bill Blass Edition Mark IV is as blue as a Bill Blass blazer, with a cream-colored landau roof. Navy velour upholstery. Or choose blue and cream leather-and-vinyl.

Each Designer Edition wears the designer's golden signature on its opera windows and on an engraved instrument panel plate...which



The Pucci Edition Mark IV

The Givenchy Edition Mark IV

will be personalized with your name as well.

For 1976, at slight extra cost, Cartier, Pucci, Givenchy, Bill Blass will help you make a Mark for yourself. Talk to your dealer about buying or leasing a Designer Edition Mark IV.

CONTINENTAL MARK IV

LINCOLN-MERCURY DIVISION



The Cartier Edition Mark IV

The Bill Blass Edition Mark IV

Introducing the Mark IV Designer Series

Smoke Cracked.

Researchers isolate key flavor ingredients of tobacco in cigarette smoke—pack 'Enriched Flavor' into new MERIT.

By "cracking" cigarette smoke down into its various 2000-plus ingredients, researchers at Philip Morris have discovered certain "key" ingredients that deliver taste way out of proportion to tar.

By selecting these ingredients of proven high flavor yet low tar delivery and adding them to tobacco, we're now able to pack flavor—extraordinary flavor—into a cigarette without the usual increase in tar.

The discovery is called 'Enriched Flavor.'

It's extra flavor. Natural flavor. Flavor that can't burn out, can't fade out, can't do anything but come through for you.

The cigarette is 9 mg. tar MERIT.

If you smoke, you'll be interested

Taste-Tested By People Like You

9 mg. tar MERIT was taste-tested against five current leading low tar

cigarette brands ranging from 11 mg. to 15 mg. tar. Thousands of smokers were involved. Smokers of filter cigarettes like yourself—all tested at home.*

Even if the cigarette tested had up to 60% more tar, a significant majority of all smokers tested reported new 'Enriched Flavor' MERIT delivered more taste.

Repeat—delivered more taste.

In similar tests against 11 mg. to 15 mg. menthol brands, 9 mg. tar MERIT MENTHOL performed strongly too, delivering as much—or more—taste than the higher tar brands tested.

You've been smoking "low tar, good taste" claims long enough. Now you've got the cigarette.

MERIT

Unheard-of smoking pleasure at one of the lowest tar levels in smoking today—only 9 mg. tar.

From Philip Morris

*American Institute of Consumer Opinion Study available free on request.

8 mg. "tar," 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



MERIT and MERIT MENTHOL

murky and contains too much glacial silt to support fish.

- The water level fluctuates as much as 75 feet. Except for a brief period in the fall, naked tree stumps and eroding shorelines on the upper banks will mar the scenic landscape. At the shallow north end of the reservoir there could be a five-mile shift of the shoreline between high and low water.

- The dam has blocked the migration of rainbow trout and Dolly Varden, causing a severe reduction of sports fishing downstream.

Ten years at the very least will be required to clear the reservoir of debris. A report of the study group reads: "In the short term, much of the reservoir can be written off for recreational purposes. . . . In the long term, the reservoir and its periphery will be safe for such recreational activities as boating, fishing and camping."

So much for inflated dreams. What remains? The change created by the dam is stunning. From a helicopter you can see a before-and-after sequence: the untouched distant hills and the churned-up scenery near at hand. In a Marx Brothers comedy a character who is lost says, "Here we are, 20 miles from the nearest deserted farmhouse." The reservoir makes you feel that way. It does not seem to be near anything. Everything that was near is now submerged beneath it, including the Columbia River.

The Big Bend is under several hundred feet of water, without a buoy to mark where it used to be. The Canoe formerly entered the Columbia only 800 feet from the mouth of the Wood River, but the reservoir has now flooded most of the Canoe River valley, so what is left of the Canoe flows into the reservoir 50 miles from the mouth of the Wood.

Flying up the Wood River canyon, you can see the waterfalls plunging over the bank through splintered trees, the branches gray and spiny like the skeletons of fish. In a small pool left in a wide mud flat a now rare beaver swims, trying to dive when the copter goes low for a closer look. But then, suddenly, beyond the cleared hillside the valley narrows to a gorge, and the river returns to its natural state, continuous white water racing under the trees.

Toward the east, where the Big Bend used to be, the Rockies are almost a solid wall, great shadowy gray and brown rocks that rise to snow-covered domes

and sharp peaks, miragelike and insubstantial in the alternations of clouds and sunlight on their heights. On the western side of the reservoir the needle peaks of the Selkicks are so numerous they suggest the mirror image of a mountain endlessly repeated. To the north, where the Canoe River once ran, there is now a mile-wide pool lying between the slopes. Where the rapids of the Columbia set up a roar that made the rocks vibrate, there is now a chain of lakes, with bays and islands. The Mica Creek Dam is one of the biggest in the world, but from above, it seems very small compared to the reservoir. It is astonishing that anything only 800 feet high could have produced such changes.

The Columbia is now merely one of dozens of streams flowing into this dark, silent body of water. The other rivers, and even more, their tributaries, are now the streams that promise what was once expected of the Columbia. The Bush River, for example, forms in the Rockies and drops 5,000 feet in its 30-mile descent. Little is known of its headwaters. One upper branch, Icefall Brook, forms in a box canyon whose walls are 2,000 feet high. Waterfalls pour from the ice fields of 11,495-foot Mount Lyell. If tourists could gain access to this remote country, they would find superb scenery, hiking, camping and mountain climbing. But will they ever? Lower on the Bush, there is what the report calls a unique rainbow-trout fishery that should be studied and protected, as well as a large concentration of elk, whose habitat should be preserved.

The Sullivan River flows into the reservoir 20 miles north of the mouth of the Bush, dropping through a wide, pleasant valley, providing the easiest hiking terrain in the region, and a moose refuge. Kimbasket River enters the reservoir only three miles from the mouth of the Sullivan. Eleven miles above the Kimbasket is Cummins River, with a steep-sided, heavily wooded valley—a little-known river that forms in two lakes connected by spectacular waterfalls. Beyond the mouth of the Cummins is the Wood, which flows out of Fortress Lake almost on the Continental Divide, and drops fast, through chasms and over falls, into scenery akin to that of Yosemite.

The study group has recommended that priority be given to such areas for eventual park or recreation use. Logging has been halted in the Bush River region pending a decision as to what sections

should be made into parks. In all areas where wildlife still exists, the study urges that mature timber be retained to provide winter food and shelter for the animals. All spawning areas, heronries and caribou calving grounds—as soon as it can be learned where they are—should be protected.

Helicopter skiing has existed for many years in the surrounding area. The prospects for cross-country skiing are inviting, and there is at least one area in the Bush River region suitable for downhill skiing when and if access is provided. The leasing of reservoir sites for summer cottages must wait a long time, until the reservoir is cleared and its banks are proved stable. When the reservoir finally is clear, kokanee probably will be introduced, since these land-locked salmon have flourished in comparable conditions, and stocking may restore some stream fishing. Canoe Hot Springs, a remarkable mineral springs that formerly flowed into a fish-filled lake, is now submerged. But a geothermal exploration has determined that a sizable field exists beyond the reservoir shore, with a flow of about 30 gallons of scalding water a second, and the study group suggests (not very hopefully) that some recreational use might be made of this.

In the final analysis, the study seems determinedly optimistic. Mica Creek can be an enjoyable and beautiful recreation area, if not the one that was envisioned. It will take time, cooperation and enormous care. It will take money, which is proving increasingly difficult to obtain.

The study has contributed to criticism of the original treaty with the U.S., which provided for cooperative development of the Columbia River and was considered by some a great bargain for Canada when it was ratified in 1964. No compensation to Canada was allowed in the treaty for the loss of big game and waterfowl habitat or sportfish spawning grounds. No account was taken of the economic loss of hunting and fishing. The study does not suggest that the treaty be revised, but there are those in Canada calling for its revision. If this comes to pass, it could cost the U.S. a great deal of money.

What Mica Creek proves, more than anything else, is that no dam should be built until there has been a study like the one British Columbia has completed. Of course, the findings might have aborted the Mica Creek Dam. One wonders now if this might not have been best. **END**

Those piles of letters that keep spilling out of Darrell Griffith's high school locker these days are an indication that the recruiting season—basketball's version of fraternity rush—will soon be in full swing. You see, before all the bump-ins and weekend visits begin in earnest, every school from Florida State to the University of Hawaii runs to the post office with a last-ditch sales pitch. Griffith, a three-year star at Male High School in Louisville, has heard them all by now.

A 6' 3½" forward who can go up and deposit a lob pass in the basket quicker than you can say "David Thompson," Griffith is the finest all-round prep player in the country. He manhandles opponents at both ends of the floor, as he demonstrated not long ago against Wheatley High, a powerful team from Houston, producing a 33-point, 23-rebound performance that included a dozen blocked shots in Male's 93-81 win. After a 93-75 romp over Louisville's Manual High last Friday night that ran Male's record to 20-1 and helped maintain the Bulldogs' No. 1 rating in the state, Griffith was averaging 24 points, 13 rebounds and five blocked shots per game. His three-year figures are not much different.

As if that kind of heroics were not sufficient, Griffith handles the ball well enough to play guard in college and has such quick reactions that he is sometimes able to bound in the air and catch an opponent's shot, rather than resort to the conventional but wasteful practice of swatting the ball out of bounds. When you can play like this in high school, you have to expect certain pressures from the outside world. In Griffith's case, that sometimes means plowing through stacks of mail to find a missing textbook in the bottom of his locker. One night last week that debris included a North Carolina State calendar, some Michigan basket-

Bundles of mail for a Male man

Colleagues are writing to Darrell Griffith of Louisville's Male High, hoping for his stamp of approval



THE WORLD CALLS, BUT GRIFFITH WILL LIKELY STAY HOME

ball statistics and a letter from Indiana.

"Calendars, calendars, calendars," Griffith muttered, cramming two or three more inside his locker and forcing the door shut. "I've gotten so many of them there's no way I can ever forget what day it is. I'm starting to get doubles on all my basketball mail, and some schools are sending me football material, if you can believe that. I even got a Happy Halloween card with a piece of gum inside from somebody."

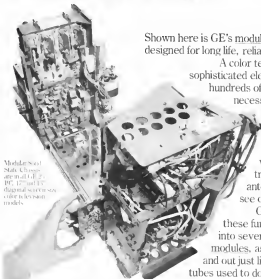
Griffith is a B student "with a light upstairs," as Marquette Coach Al McGuire is fond of saying. This is certainly commendable, but what college recruiters see in Griffith is an athlete who shoots 60% from the floor, high jumps 6' 10" and runs the 100 in 10.1. Griffith is a dream come true they say, perhaps another Oscar Robertson or Jerry West, and the next step in recruiting him is likely to entail something like this: one day Darrell goes to his locker and works the combination as usual. Except that when he lifts the handle, out jumps North Carolina State's Norm Sloan and Michigan's Johnny Orr and Indiana's Bobby Knight, like clowns popping out of a circus car, each wildly waving a letter of intent.

Perhaps that will be the recruiting gimmick of the future, but if history repeats, Griffith and teammate Bobby Turner will end up across town at the University of Louisville. Turner, a rugged 6' 4" 200-pounder, has been Griffith's sidekick since fourth grade. They have vowed to attend the same school, and that would suit UL just fine. Male, so-called because it once had an all-boy student body, has reached five of the last six state finals and four Male graduates including Wesley Cox, a starting forward, have played for the Cardinals during Coach Denny Crum's five years at Louisville.

"I admit that I'll be surprised if we don't get both of them," says Crum, saying

enraptured

GE explains why your next color TV should have a modular solid state chassis.



Modular Solid State Chassis are available in 21", 25", 27", 32" and 35" diagonal screen size color television sets.

Shown here is GE's modular color television chassis, designed for long life, reliability and ease of service.

A color television chassis is a complex, sophisticated electronic machine, containing hundreds of electronic components necessary to produce a color picture on a TV screen. These components are combined into a system of circuits which control and operate the various functions required to transform the signal from your antenna into the color picture you see on the screen.

General Electric has separated these functional solid state circuits into several small circuit boards called modules, as seen here, which plug in and out just like old-fashioned vacuum tubes used to do.

In other words, the entire system of circuitry has been "modularized", or partitioned, so that operating functions are isolated for ease of service diagnosis, repair or replacement.

So compare color sets before you buy your next set. When you combine our modular solid state chassis with General Electric built color picture tubes, ease of tuning with our One Touch Color[®] system[®] and GE's Custom Picture Control, you'll understand why...



Color[®] picture is full of rich natural colors, textures and simulated mood scenes.

It all adds up to GE performance television



**performance
TELEVISION**

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

money on a 13¢ stamp. "Griffith is 6' 3 1/2" going on 7 feet, and I know he would fit into our attack because he is so similar to Junior Bridgeman, who took us to the NCAA semifinals last year. Both are tremendous two-footed leapers—by that I mean that neither Bridgeman nor Griffith needs a running start to achieve his maximum height. And that's probably, oh, about 40 inches off the floor."

The Griffith-Turner partnership began to make headlines when they led their eighth- and ninth-grade teams to 49 straight victories. "We were the UCLA of junior high basketball," says Griffith. By that summer Griffith had progressed so much he was invited to join the top division of the Louisville summer league, in which several pros play. Some of his pals on the Kentucky Colonels say they could use him in the ABA right now. But foremost in Griffith's mind is winning another state high school championship. On the way to last year's title he and Turner combined for 67 points in Male's 83-74 semifinal victory over Christian County High.

"When I took a look at these guys three years ago," says Male Coach Wade Houston, "I knew we would win some games. But they have surprised even me."

Are the kids already signed, sealed and delivered to Louisville? "Well, I feel that we probably owe it to ourselves to visit Hawaii," says Turner in mock seriousness. "Yeah, and Las Vegas, too," says Griffith. "All I know is that Bobby and I want to go to some place with a whole lot of prestige and publicity associated with the basketball team. I don't think that a school that draws 2,000 people a game is gonna get it. Not that my folks would mind. My mother told me the other day, 'Darrell, as long as you're happy, I'll be happy. Whether you decide to go to Concrete Institute or Tree County College.'"

It isn't likely, America.

THE WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

MIDEAST

Tennessee players were so confident before facing Vanderbilt that they bought necklaces with No. 1 pendants. Ernie Grunfeld, who had 24 points in the Vols' 73-59 win, said, "That just means we're No. 1 in Tennessee. When we win the Southeastern Conference

championship we'll get bigger ones." But Florida put a crimp in Grunfeld's shopping plans, waylaying the Vols 72-69 as Gene Shy scored 22 points. Alabama, which had beaten Florida 79-73, was down 42-33 to LSU when it learned of Tennessee's loss. "It jumped everybody off," said Reginald (Mule) King of the Tide, which rallied for a 78-74 win that tied Alabama with the Vols for first place. Moving to the top of the Nice to Know It Can Happen category was a gesture by Alabama Coach C. M. Newton as the LSU game. Newton must have astounded a referee and the fans at Baton Rouge when he scolded the official that a foul just called on "Bama was its seventh and that, instead of the Tigers getting the ball out of bounds, they were entitled to a one-and-one."

The list of major-college unbeatens shrank to two when Western Michigan (19-1) fell 88-80 to Toledo, which shot .650. Western Michigan and Miami of Ohio are now tied for the Mid-American lead with a 30-1 mark.

With Kent Benson coming through with 38 points, Indiana sacked Michigan State 85-70. And when Illinois limited Scott May to six points, Benson earned the Hoosiers to a 58-48 triumph with 17 points. Terry Farlow had 38 points for Michigan State, which also lost to Michigan 81-64.

"Hank Raymonds has made my job easy," said Marquette Coach Al McGuire. Raymonds is an assistant coach and the tactician for the Warriors, who held off Virginia Tech 68-61, thanks to his delay game "with five guys moving in a horizontal back-and-forth pattern." Tech's Duke Thorpe, who has a .668 shooting percentage, sank nine of 12 shots and had 30 points.

1. INDIANA (21-0) 2. MARQUETTE (19-1)

EAST

There were no ifs or ands when North Carolina hung an 81-69 connoisseur on Maryland. There were, though, a number of butts. Terp Coach Lefty Driesell admitted that the Tar Heels wore out his team's butts. And a resounding butt-first landing on the floor was a panacea to Carolina's Mitch Kupchak, who had been hampered by an eye injury. "The lights were putting a glaze on my eyes and the rim looked double," he said, but maintained that after hitting the deck, "everything came into focus." It must have. He scored 21 points and had 12 rebounds and six blocked shots. That win solidified the Tar Heels' hold on first place in the ACC. Against Tulane in the Superdome, Carolina won 113-106 in quadruple overtime as Kupchak scored 35 points and pulled down 21 rebounds. Walter Davis added 26 points and Phil Ford, whose basket with three seconds to go sent the game into overtime, had 22. The Greenies' Phil Hicks was high man with 36.

Maryland beat ACC foe Clemson 96-89, John Lucas scoring 24. North Carolina State

took two whisker scrapers: 67-64 over N.C.-Charlotte and 87-83 over Wake Forest on a last-second shot by Phil Spencer.

Rutgers remained unbeaten—barely. With Phil Sellers and Mike Dabney combining for 10 points in overtime, the Scarlet Knights held off Manhattan 92-81. Absconquing for Rutgers was Delaware, whose Steve Fischer said, "We win, and we're famous. We lose, and we get one line." You're right, Steve: Rutgers 110, Delaware 87.

Several teams continued their efforts to get tournament bids. Providence (15-6) toppled Canisius 91-79 and got a 26-point, 14-rebound performance from Bruce Campbell to down Boston College 79-71. St. John's (18-1) outwaited Rhode Island's zone to win 56-47. Boston College also beat the Rams 87-79 in overtime as Bob Carrington poured in 29 points. St. Peter's (N.J.) shocked Georgetown 63-61. Division II power Philadelphia Textile (19-2) zapped Sonoma State 80-48 and Juniata 106-69 to run its winning streak to 16.

1. RUTGERS (21-0) 2. N. CAROLINA (20-2)

MIDWEST

Texas A&M Coach Shelby Metcalf came up with the most novel shot of the season the two-handed red-chair heave. His innovation was precipitated by a referee's ruling that nullified an Aggie layup. As soon as the call was made, Metcalf sprang into a routine that would have been a choreographer's delight. Twyla Sharp, though, would have demanded more finesse of Metcalf's hand-shot act, which began with a swift kick to the scorer's table that sent soft drinks and pencils into sudden flight. Next came a non-sordidly *pas de deux* as Metcalf tried to squirm free from an assistant after he menaced the ref. Metcalf brought down the curtain by hurling a folding chair onto the court. Amazingly, he got off with only a technical foul. A crowd of 9,876, the largest ever at Southern Methodist, saw the tirade, but thought the best show was put on by Ira Terrell, who broke a 63-all deadlock with two buckets in a 69-65 SMU win. In its next game, however, SMU flopped, being upset by Baylor 96-86.

Rick Bullock netted 23 points for Texas Tech, which beat Texas 71-60 to move half a game ahead of A&M in the Southwest Conference. The Aggies (10-2) went back in front with a 73-64 defeat of Tech (10-3) in which Sonny Parker scored 26 points and held Bullock to just nine in the second half.

When Missouri came to Oklahoma State, the crowd protested several referees' calls by littering the floor with soda cups filled with ice. State won the rebounding battle 36-14 and got 24 points from Ronnie Daniel, but lost the game 72-71 when Willie Smith of the Tigers came through the keyhole to lock things up with a layup with 12 seconds

continued

WALKER'S

DeLuxe

8 YEAR OLD BOURBON

Our famous eight-year-old bourbon is still made with the care and patience that went into this famous eight: The 1931 Packard Super 8.

You might never own the car, but you can enjoy the bourbon tonight.



Aged 8 Years

Volaré



The accent is on comfort.

We've created a new kind of small car. One that's truly comfortable. By engineering comfort into Volaré where comfort starts—in the suspension system.

Comfort that's built in, not added on.

The new system built into Volaré is called an Isolated Transverse Suspension (pat. pend.); an innovation in small car engineering.

It actually gives the small Volaré a smooth, comfortable ride like a big car.

We've made the comforting ride of Volaré even more enjoyable by giving you a broad expanse of glass, and a special noise-reducing system for quietness.

Big car ride, small car gas mileage.

The Volaré is very easy on gas. According to E.P.A. estimated



mileage results, of all Volarés, the wagon did best—30 mpg on the highway, 18 in the city—equipped with 6-cylinder engine and manual transmission. Your actual mileage may differ depending on how and where you drive, the condition of your car and optional equipment.

And, here's "The Clincher:"

For the first 12 months of use any Chrysler Corporation dealer will fix, without charge for parts and labor, any part of our 1978 passenger cars we supply (except tires) which proves

defective in normal use. Regardless of mileage.

The owner is responsible for maintenance services such as changing filters and wiper blades.

And the "regardless of mileage" part is especially nice. Because this economical Volaré is one car you're going to love to drive.

The new small car from Plymouth.

*In California, see your dealer for engine availability and mileage data for California equipped vehicles.

left. It was Poster Day at Missouri when Iowa State showed up, and the winning entry read, "Missouri Proverb: Cyclone Tangle with Tiger Liable to Get the Wind Knocked Out of Him." That's just what happened, the Cyclones losing 85-64. All of which left Missouri (8-1) alone at the top of the Big Eight when Nebraska (7-2), which earlier had beaten Colorado 89-61, was stunned 65-60 by Oklahoma. The Sooners' freshman guard, Cary Carrabine, sank his first eight shots and wound up with 23 points. Although Carrabine again hit eight straight and had 24 points against Kansas State, Oklahoma lost 75-70. Chuckie Williams and Mike Evans got 22 each for the Wildcats (7-2), who also stopped Colorado 57-47.

Cincinnati thwarted St. Louis 60-45. But North Texas State could not corral Memphis State's Bill Cook, who agnited a 111-93 upset with 27 points.

1. MISSOURI (20-3) 2. CINCINNATI (18-3)

WEST Adversity seemed to perk up Brigham Young, which threw the Western AC race into a tizzy. Two of the Cougars' best forwards were ailing, and starting Center Mark Handy was out with a detached retina. But BYU got 33 points and 17 rebounds from Forward Jay Cheesman and, more unexpectedly, picked up 28 points from fill-in Forward Vance Law to stifle Arizona State 93-89. Then the Cougars faced Arizona, which had tied Utah for first place by clipping the Utes 89-76. BYU's troubles were compounded when Cheesman and 6'9" Troy Jones got into foul trouble. So the Cougars (4-5) resorted to a four-corner offense, received 27 points from Verne Thompson and won 79-74 in overtime. Utah (7-2) regained its one-game lead by stopping Arizona State 87-83 as Jeff Judkins popped in 23 points and took down 18 rebounds. Tying Arizona for second were New Mexico, which defeated Colorado State 84-75 and Wyoming 57-51, and Texas-EI Paso, which beat State 82-64 and Wyoming 62-55.

It was perhaps fitting that when UCLA topped Washington 78-76 its leading scorer should be named Washington. Richard Washington tossed in 24 points, but the Bruins (8-1 in the Pacific Eight) also relied heavily on a 2-1-2 zone. Two days earlier UCLA whacked Washington State 104-78 and Washington (6-3) beat USC 93-75. Second-place Oregon State (7-2) won twice: 70-66 over Stanford after trailing 66-59 with 4:20 to play and 78-70 over California.

San Francisco nipped St. Mary's 75-73 despite a virtuoso performance by Ralph (the Rocket) Walker, a 6'3" leaper. During a three-minute spree Walker scored 13 of his 25 points, got four rebounds and blocked a shot by 6'11" Bill Cartwright.

1. UCLA (19-3) 2. UNLV (14-1)

The Honeywell \$100 offer!

Now...save up to \$100 on a
Pentax K series
35mm camera and
accessory
lenses!



The new Pentax K series of cameras that understand you are here. And to introduce them, we're announcing a special rebate program that can get you as much as \$100 cash back.

Here are the details

Just buy a Pentax K2, KX or KM camera before May 31, 1976. This earns you an automatic \$20 rebate. Then you can buy up to four SMC Pentax accessory lenses, and we'll give you a \$20 rebate on each. So if you buy a K camera and four lenses, you get a check for \$100 back.

Make your best deal

This rebate program doesn't require that you pay top-dollar suggested retail prices, either. Instead, pick your favorite dealer. Make the best deal you can on your camera body and lenses... then sit back and wait for your rebate check from Honeywell!

The cameras that understand you. All three of our new Pentax K cameras were designed to understand you.

They've all been "human engineered" to help you take better pictures without having to fuss with a lot of knobs and dials. Each has a built-in light meter that is automatically turned on for you, and that helps you get consistently pleasing results. They all have a new bayonet-mount that easily locks on interchangeable lenses in place. And they all give you a big, bright viewfinder that makes composition a snap. In short, all three of these great new cameras can help you get good, clear, beautiful pictures... right from the start.

See your nearest Honeywell photo dealer soon for complete details. Get a new Pentax K camera and accessory lens and save! Or, for more information, write to: Honeywell Photographic, Dept. 104-739, P.O. Box 22007, Denver, CO 80222.

Offer good in U.S.A. only Feb. 1 thru May 31, 1976.

Honeywell

Photographic Products Division

HE WAS RIGHT ON THE BUTTON



A FORMER GOLD MEDALIST CUT A SHARP FIGURE FOR ABC

By the time the first 4½ hours of ABC's Winter Olympic coverage had been completed, my notebook contained far more negative jottings than positive ones: "Preview show, *Brave to Gold*, has poignant touches, decent flashbacks, but runs too long and is too melodramatic. . . . Camera work of U.S.-Yugoslavia hockey match resembles Andy Warhol movie being played in reverse. . . . Pierre Salinger is wasting my time with his reports on Innsbruck's social life. . . . When will this network mature enough to quit singing hosannas to itself. . . . ? Pierre Salinger is wasting ABC's time. . . . Jackie Stewart is the ultimate athlete-as-announcer; says nothing in no known language. . . . If announcers feel compelled to name "prettiest girls," why don't they get themselves assigned to the Miss Universe contest. . . . ? Pierre Salinger is wasting Pierre Salinger's time. . . . After such a poor start, how will ABC get through 39 more hours of Olympic telecasts?"

The answer? Very well. So well, in fact, that the network's overall coverage deserved high marks, and its camera work and video editing set new standards for TV sports. The first indication of what ABC would accomplish came during the second telecast, when the cameras caught skier Werner Grissmann taking a hideous fall. The spill was replayed twice, then the cameras focused on the agony on Grissmann's face as he was carried

off. With those pictures ABC showed that such events as the downhill require not only speed and grace but also a great deal of courage. That moment set the tone for the rest of the shows.

Airing 43½ hours of remote sports broadcasting during a 12-day period represents a vast outlay in manpower and money for a network. ABC's crew in Austria included about 400 people. It paid \$10 million in rights fees for the Winter Games and had to come up with another \$5 million to cover

production and satellite expenses.

Had a big gamble by the network not paid off, the Olympics could have cost ABC far more. Its decision to broadcast nearly 75% of its Games coverage during prime evening hours was a risky one. If too few viewers had watched the Olympics, the telecasts could have impaired the network's position in its ratings battle with NBC and CBS. After years of trailing badly in the three-way race for evening viewers, the network this season had made impressive gains. Numerous industry experts felt that by preempting many of its regular shows to put on the Olympics ABC would sacrifice those advances. As they often have before, the experts underestimated the popularity of well-produced sports broadcasting. The Olympics smothered the competition, averaging 15.9 million households per night through the first week, and enabled ABC to move ahead of NBC into second place in the ratings.

That the U.S. had at least one medal winner eight of the first nine days of competition certainly helped the ratings, but there were other more important factors that made ABC's coverage so popular. One potential problem was that the Winter Games have 37 events, 164 fewer than the Summer Games, but through the extensive use of pre-filmed material on the leading competitors and intense preparation for on-site coverage, ABC was able to maintain interest. "For ex-

ample, we knew that the men's downhill would be a heck of an event," says Geoff Mason, planning director for the Olympic programs. "We began by asking the local experts how the course would be run. Using this information, we started three years ago figuring out how we would cover the race." The network took an equally meticulous approach to other events. Then, last winter, it firmed up its camera locations by convincing the Austrian Federations to hold unofficial pre-Olympics in every sport at every venue.

For the downhill events ABC had 14 cameras covering the slopes, including one about 1½ miles away from the Axamer Lizum venue that was equipped with an 18-1 zoom lens. All this preparation paid off when the men's race turned out to be one of the most dramatic in Olympic history.

Costarring with the cameras was 46-year-old Dick Button, gold medalist in figure skating at the 1948 and 1952 Olympics. Aspiring athlete-announcers should be forced to go to school on Button. He never refers to his athletic accomplishments or tells jokes. He uses the word "great" so seldom that his announcer's card should be pulled. Although he seems to have been around figure skating since Sonja Henie was on double skates, he still works at his job and imparts his findings in a way that relates exactly to what the viewer is seeing. At Innsbruck he sometimes seemed to know the skaters' programs better than they did. And even though Button covered a sport in which petty jealousies and nationalisms often affect the scoring, he boldly expressed assessments of performances that consistently held up.

Before the opening of the skating competition Button explained the arcane judging system and described how the various figures should be made. This was complicated business, but his presentation of it was lucid. When disputes arose over the scoring of some judges, Button pressed them for the reasons for their grades. He did not get satisfactory answers every time, but his was the sort of tough questioning that is too frequently missing from televised sports. As an expert functioning as an announcer, Button never scored lower than a 5.8. And, like his colleagues behind ABC's cameras, he got more than his share of 6.0s.

END

Decisions...decisions...
Make your decision

Pall Mall Gold 100's



**Good rich flavor,
yet lower in tar
than the best-
selling short
(70 mm.)**

Not too strong
not too light
not too long
tastes just right.

PALL MALL GOLD 100's "tar" 20 mg. nicotine, 1.4 mg.
Best-selling regular size (70mm.) .. "tar" 23 mg. nicotine, 1.8 mg.
Of all brands, lowest "tar" 2 mg. nicotine, 0.2 mg.

**Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.**

20 mg. "tar", 1.4 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Nov. '75

A race that keeps 'em coming back

The 500's last lap was a fitting climax to a wild week in Daytona

A man does what he can and he does what he must, and once in a while he does a little bit more. Sometimes he does a lot more, as last weekend's Daytona 500 proved. From the first day of qualifying until the last gasp of the race, from NASCAR's tossing out the qualifying times of the three fastest cars because they stretched its rubber-band rules to the snapping point, to the crazy, crashing, only-in-the-movies finish between the sport's two most successful drivers, David Pearson and Richard Petty, even the spectators got almost more than they could handle.

When the cars stopped spinning, Pearson had won \$46,800 in the richest race in stock-car history by seemingly willing what was left of his battered Mercury

past Petty's Dodge, which lay crunched on both ends and dead in the dirt just feet shy of the finish line.

Throughout, the 500 had been run as fiercely as if it were a sprint. Altogether there were 36 lead changes shared by 10 cars, but one by one they had all dropped out until only Pearson and Petty were in contention.

With one lap remaining, Pearson was breathing on Petty's bumper. Pearson had never won Daytona; he was hungry. Petty had won five times; he was greedy. The wildest finish in the history of stock-car racing was less than one minute away.

Pearson slingshotted into the lead going down the back straight; Petty came back at him in Turn Three, dropping down on the 31-degree banking to pass. He began to slide back up, and nudged Pearson's door with his fender. And again, through Turn Four. Barely in control, Petty tried to pull ahead, but his right rear fender belted Pearson's left front end, *wham-wham-wham-wham*. Petty smacked the wall four times and spun down onto the apron within spitting distance of the checkered flag. Pearson was knocked headfirst into the wall—hard—and he spun toward pit row, where he clipped a car pulling in.

But there was the difference in how the two drivers handled their wild spins. Pearson pushed in his clutch and kept his engine running; Petty did not. Pearson jammed the Mercury in gear and chugged across the finish line the winner. After a push by his crew, Petty coasted across for second place, jumped out of his car and stuck his head in Pearson's window and apologized.

There were some who felt that it sure was a sloppy way for the world's two best Grand National drivers to finish the world's best stock-car race. "Yeah, I guess it was," said Petty. "But there will be 100,000 more people here next year."

He may well be right, considering that what had gone on earlier in the week only made the dizzying finish seem apropos.

Unlike Indianapolis, where teams have a full month for testing new cars, practice and qualifying, everything at Daytona is compressed into a seven-day period with the pre-race pressure peaking on the Thursday before the 500 in two 125-mile qualifying races. Traditionally those events have produced the fiercest racing to be seen on the 2.5-mile tri-oval,

since they are too short for any strategy beyond foot-to-floorboard driving. At stake is a good spot on the 42-car grid, the two-car front row of the 500 having been determined in one-lap time trials held four days earlier. But since the 125s are the first superspeedway races of the season, teams also use them to flaunt the secrets they have discovered over the winter, or to mislead each other as to what those secrets are. Usually it's a game of hype-the-rumor-and-hide-the-fact restricted to racers only, but after many years of just watching, last week NASCAR officials seem to have decided it was time for them to play, too.

Cheating, as outlined in the unwritten NASCAR Code of Conduct, is a subject that is at best nebulous and at worst about as consistent as the weather in Daytona in February, which usually changes twice a day. The tacit definition goes something like this:

Chavato! The only kind that counts is the downright kind. A driver or mechanic may usually break most of the rules a little bit, but it is not cheating unless he has broken the wrong rule at the wrong time by too much. If the officials decide to catch him, they will. Maybe they won't do much. But maybe they will, depending on what kind of mood they happen to be in.

The latest round in this policy of capricious enforcement definitely went to the officials. Victim No. 1 was A. J. Foyt, seemingly sitting safely on the pole after

continued



DAVID PEARSON KEPT RUNNING AND WON



RICHARD PETTY LOST FIRE AND FIRST



AT CROSS CREEK, FASHIONABLE IDEAS HAVE A WAY OF MATERIALIZING.

BECAUSE THE MANY STYLES OF CROSS CREEK KNIT SPORT SHIRTS ARE CREATED BY THE SAME PEOPLE WHO, FOR YEARS, MADE SHIRTS FOR THE PRESTIGE BRANDS, AND THEY OFFER MORE IMPECCABLE DETAILS THAN THOSE OTHER LUXURY BRANDS, AT LOWER-THAN-LUXURY PRICES.

TAKE, FOR EXAMPLE, THE HANDSOME CLASSIC ON THE LEFT, MADE OF 100% TWO-PLY DURENE® COTTON LITSE.

OR TAKE THE TWO-PLY NOBEL® AND PIMA COTTON RELAXED PLAID MODEL IN THE CENTER, WITH ITS WHITE-WING COLLAR AND PLAID.

OR TAKE THE L'ACROSSE SHIRT ON THE RIGHT, MADE OF NOBEL AND PIMA COTTON WITH FINELY WOVEN POPLIN COLLAR AND PLAID.

OR VISIT THE FINE DEPARTMENT OR SPECIALTY STORE NEAREST YOU, AND TAKE ALL THREE.



CROSS CREEK®
THE EXCEPTIONAL SHIRT™

©1998 CROSS CREEK FASHION, INC. ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.

VIVITAR INTRODUCES A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA IN 35mm SLR CAMERAS.



A SENSIBLE PRICE.

Vivitar Get the good news at your photo dealer. And let him tell you about the famous Vivitar reputation in the photographic world.

On the job, these Wellington boots help keep you on top of things. Both the tough 10 inch leather boots and the big 12 inch leather Brazos boots are at home on the range or right down on Main Street.

WOLVERINE HAS BOOTS FOR ANY TYPE OF FEAT.



WOLVERINE
BOOTS AND SHOES

64976 a product of Wolverine World Wide, Inc. Rockford, Michigan 48301

For the Wolverine dealer nearest you call this toll free number (800) 325-6400, in Michigan 1 (800) 342-6600

MOTOR SPORTS

a scorching time-trial lap of 187.47% mph when along came NASCAR Competition Director Bill Gazaway and his team of tear-down artists. As Gazaway dove into view one could imagine beads of perspiration popping out under the brim of the baseball cap worn by Hoss Ellington, chief mechanic for Foyt's Chevelle.

"Hello there, Mr. Gazaway, sir, what seems to be the trouble?"

"You goin' too fast, boy, is what seems to be the trouble. I think me an' my boys here may just have a little look-see under that hood of yours . . . and while we're at it we may just peek in the trunk and under the seat and maybe even inside the body panels and roll-bar tubes."

"Ulp."

Two hours later Gazaway had found the goods, a steel bottle. It had once held nitrous oxide, laughing gas, commonly used as an anesthetic. When N₂O is injected into an engine's intake manifold, it can provide a brief but potent boost in horsepower. It's illegal without a prescription in most places outside of a dentist's office. The front straight at Daytona is not one of the places where it's legal. So much for Foyt's \$5,000 pole-position prize.

Realizing he had uncovered some cheating of the downright kind, Gazaway sauntered over to the second-fastest car, Darrel Waltrip's Chevelle, sponsored by Gatorade. There he found another empty bottle, and it sure hadn't contained Gatorade. So much for Waltrip's \$5,000, which he had inherited after the ruling on Foyt's car. On to the third-fastest car, a Dodge driven by Dave Marcis; no N₂O, but an aluminum flap over the radiator that chief mechanic Harry Hyde had installed to keep the engine warm on cold days. Such covers are not normally allowed because they improve front-end aerodynamics, but NASCAR had bent that rule itself on the chilly qualifying morning by permitting half the radiator to be covered. Still, Gazaway decided an aluminum flap wasn't exactly what he had had in mind, and Marcis' time was thrown out with the other two. So much for his \$5,000. "What difference does it make whether you block the radiator with dirty T-shirts, dead dogs or horse manure?" said Marcis' crew chief.

Suddenly the fastest qualifier was USAC's stock-car champ, an Iowa bean farmer named Ramo Stott. His Chevelle hit 183.456 mph and passed Gazaway's inspection about as quickly. "That only

proves that Ramo's team is the best at cheating," said one driver. That is a compliment. Peer respect is the reward for a mechanic who slips something past inspection.

Getting anyone to admit he's guilty of cheating is another matter. Even the word "cheat" triggers a reflex-action sly grin, followed by a jerk of the forearm with the thumb pointing over the shoulder at the guy in the next garage, who reacts the same way, until the questioner eventually finds himself facing the men's-room door.

Ask A. J. Foyt. "I don't work on the cars, I just drive 'em," he said with a grin. Yeah, but who pushes the N2O button? Thumb over shoulder.

The three disallowed cars later passed inspection, and in practice they were still the fastest although ineligible for the pole. They were forced to start near the back of the pack in the 125-mile qualifying races, which didn't prevent Marcis and Waltrip from winning. "Justice has prevailed," quipped Waltrip.

In the first of the two qualifying sprints Stott was left at the grid with a dead battery—pole sitters rarely bother to go more than a couple of laps in the qualifying races they are forced to run—and after Marcis pitted under a yellow flag to repair a jammed gear lever, the stage was set: Marcis chasing Buddy Baker's Ford and Pearson's Mercury. In the closing laps he passed them both on the inside of Turn Three, one lap apart, and won by half a car length.

Foyt was never in contention in the second heat. The ignition timing on his brand-new McLaren-built engine went off on the pace lap and caused a piston to burn. Waltrip won that 50-lapper easily. He pitted for gas early in the race under a caution light, knowing his Chevrolet could go the remaining distance—barely—and hoping that Petty, sporting a beard and 15 pounds underweight after a 10-day hospital stay for treatment of an ulcer, would be forced to fuel under a green flag. Waltrip guessed right, which spelled the 23-second difference between him and Petty.

Three days later, however, the cheat-cheat-never-beat moralists would have their moment. As Petty and Pearson staged their Keystone Kops finish in front of the 125,000 spectators, mechanical troubles had long since sidelined Foyt and Waltrip, and Marcis was struggling along, 220 miles behind.

END

Look for this tag!



MURRAY

makes yards of difference.



Jack Nicklaus relies on good equipment to do its job.

Good equipment makes the difference in a lot of things . . . yards of difference.

Murray Mowers specialize in yards of difference. The entire line of walking mowers, riding mowers and tractor mowers reflects essential features such as sturdy construction, maneuverability, easy maintenance and reliability. Good equipment makes yards of difference.



Look for the Jack Nicklaus tag on the full line of Murray Mowers at your dealer's, or write
THE MURRAY OHIO MFG. CO., BRENTWOOD, TENN. 37027



You never heard of Mike Morley, surely, a six-year nonwinner on the tour. But a string of high finishes has him among the money leaders

More and more Morley

A golfer without a win can endure the grind of the PGA tour only so long before he begins to hallucinate. He sees himself a Trappist monk, a forest ranger, a short-order cook. Anything except a professional golfer.

Mike Morley, a tall soft-spoken 29-year-old from Minot (rhymes with why-not), N. Dak., used to think a lot about farming. It has been six long lean years since Morley joined the tour, "forever" he calls it, and until this year all the books show for his efforts are two wins on the satellite tour in 1973 and more Monday qualifying than he cares to think about.

Suddenly, though, Morley has begun to move. After warming up in Arizona with a 13th and a 21st, he earned \$21,000

and national television exposure by coming in second to Ben Crenshaw in the Crosby. He tied for fourth in Hawaii and was 15th at the Hope. Through the Andy Williams last week, where he tied for third, Morley had earned \$47,580 and stood third on the money list. In the first six tournaments of 1976, he picked up more money than he had earned in any year since he turned pro.

"I've been getting better, making a little more money every year," he said recently, "but at times it has seemed like it was happening awful slow. I saw guys breaking out all around me, winning tournaments and turning into good players. Sometimes I wondered what I was doing out here, whether I was ever go-

ing to be good." "Good" by Morley's definition is playing well enough to see to green to be frequently putting for birdies from inside 20 feet, often in contention and, once in a while, winning. "That's a good player," he says. "A great player is something else."

Morley joined the tour in 1970, a good college player from Arizona State who had been an All-America twice and who, in 1966, at the end of his sophomore year, had finished eighth in the U.S. Amateur. He was 6'2" and 145 pounds. "When I was a kid," he says, "I liked Tony Lama because he was a tall player with a big upright swing like mine."

Tall, skinny but inexperienced. To say that the North Dakota golf season is measured in hours is only a mild exaggeration. Until Morley was 17 and moved with his recently divorced mother from Minot to LaJolla, Calif., he had never played golf for more than a few months a year. He competed on the Minot High School golf team for a month or so in the spring, and he entered some tournaments around North Dakota and Minnesota in the summer, but he never experienced the big-time junior amateur circuit where young golfers of promise usually cut their competitive teeth.

"Partly it was because of the expense," he says, "but partly it was because I didn't care to play that much."

The trouble is that Minot is a nice place to be in the summer, something that cannot be said about most of the rest of the year. A kid has to cram a lot of living into a summer. He can hunt for a while in the fall, and he can play all the three-cushion billiards he wants through the long, long winter but for almost everything else, it is summer or never in Minot.

"There are kids now on the tour," says Morley, "who have played competitive golf year-round since they were 12, and who are so good they can make \$50,000 at 22 or 23 without blinking an eye."

Gary Koch might disagree. Koch, a two-time Walker Cup player who is 23 and a rookie on the tour, described his first Monday qualifying experience in *Golf World* magazine. He was one of 66 players competing for 11 available spots in the Tucson Open. Playing early, Koch shot a 69, and feeling very good about it he stowed his clubs in his car and was having lunch when he learned he had to go back out on the course. "It turns out," he wrote, "there were six scores better

continued

What's on the Quintrix™ tonight?



Nothing dull. Because Quintrix is the only color picture tube with an extra prefocus lens for extra sharpness.

Whatever show you're watching, you'll see a crisp, sharp picture with the Quintrix picture tube. The diagrams show how the unique Quintrix extra prefocus lens concentrates and focuses the electron beam to bring you our sharpest picture ever.



The Quintrix beam: notice the sharpness of the simulated electron beam current in Quintrix.



Notice the diffusion of the simulated beam current in our conventional tube.

And our extra-powerful chassis helps make the picture brighter. So Panasonic gives you both sharpness and brightness together.

But let your eyes draw their own conclusion. At your nearest Panasonic dealer. We think once you do, you'll want to see what's on the Quintrix tonight...in your own living room.



Panasonic.
just slightly ahead of our time.

TV picture simulated



CT-215
12" - diag. meas.

CT-905
19" - diag. meas.

than 69 and 10 players at 69, so 10 of us would have to play off for five spots."

No amount of amateur experience can make such a moment less startling, but six years of that sort of thing can make a farmer out of a potentially good golfer. For five years Morley got by financially, sometimes with the backing of sponsors from home, sometimes on his own. Then, last year, he seemed finally to have broken through. By the end of May, helped by a tie for second at Jacksonville, he had earned more than \$35,000 and was well on his way to the top 60 and the blessed exempt status that goes with it. But he had also played in, or attempted to play in, 18 of the first 20 tournaments on the schedule, traveling from site to site by car mostly, with his wife Janis and their 2½-year-old daughter Michelle. "I was pretty well spent," he says matter-of-factly. At Memphis, in the last week of May, he shot 80 in the opening round and withdrew. He went home, and there he stayed for the next four weeks, missing Atlanta, the Kemper, Philadelphia

and the U.S. Open—\$861,000 worth of tournaments.

He went back to work with the Western Open and played 11 more tournaments before the end of the season, but he never finished higher than 15th and he made only \$5,397 more in all those months. He says of his last two tournaments, the Kaiser, where he tied for 40th, and San Antonio, where he tied for 63rd, "I was trying as hard as I could and playing bad." Dr. Gil Morgan finished 60th on the tour with \$42,772. Morley, 64th, was \$1,670 short of an exemption.

"As it turned out, last year was a good lesson," says Morley. "I had set a goal of making the top 60, but I realize I hadn't set it high enough. When I won a bunch of money in the spring, I lost my incentive. So this year my goal is to make \$100,000. I think I can do it."

To that end Morley left home in November and drove south to Phoenix, where he worked for a few weeks with Joe Nichols, a teaching pro at Coronado golf course. In addition, he quit drink-

ing and smoking. "For a week every time I wanted a cigarette I went out and ran," he says. "I just about killed myself, but at the end of a week I didn't want to smoke anymore. Or run."

Friends say Morley, who now weighs 165, is 30 yards longer off the tee than he was a couple of years ago. He is also hitting the ball straight. "One reason I've never played in the U.S. Open is I couldn't drive straight," he says.

"He's hitting it well," says Clyde Mangum, a tour official. "I saw him hit a two-iron to the 16th at Cypress Point in the Crosby that was so pure it went straight over the flag. He wasn't using the wrong club, he just hit it so pure."

Mike's second-place finish at the Crosby was the high and the low of his year to date. "I was so wrapped up in trying to win the tournament," he says, "that for a while after, a little while, I was down. But then I thought about it and realized it was pretty good."

It looks as though North Dakota has lost a wheat farmer.

END

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Newport

Alive with pleasure!



After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

**If you like beautiful faces
as much as beautiful figures,
you belong in a 1976 Pontiac.**



Sunbird: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the available
140-cu-in 2-bbl L-4 engine and manual transmission.



Astre: 35 mpg Highway/22 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the available
140-cu-in 2-bbl L-4 engine and manual transmission.



LeMans: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu-in 1-bbl L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Ventura: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu-in 1-bbl L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Bonneville: 19 mpg Highway/13 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard 400-cu-in
2-bbl V-8 engine and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.



Firebird: 25 mpg Highway/17 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard
250-cu-in 1-bbl L-6 engine and manual transmission.



Grand Prix 5-J: 20 mpg Highway/15 mpg City (EPA)

Equipped with the standard 400-cu-in
4-bbl V-8 engine and Turbo Hydra-matic transmission.

PONTIAC



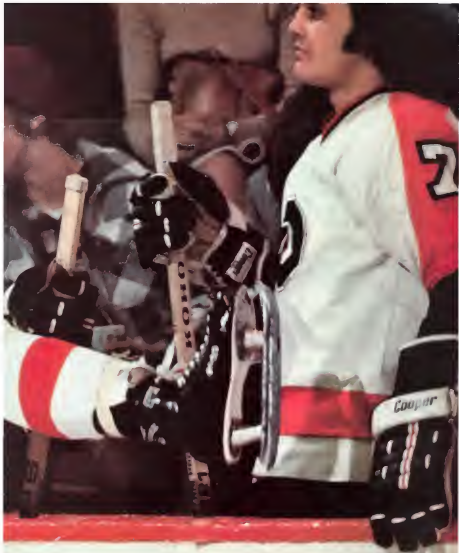
The Mark of Great Cars

All figures are from the 1975 EPA Gas Mileage Guide. These figures are only estimates. The mileage you get will vary depending on the type of driving you do, your driving habits, your car's condition and available equipment. In California, ask your Pontiac dealer for EPA mileage figures and engine/transmission combinations available on California emission-equipped cars.





DR. JEKYLL AND



MR. CLARKE

When he goes over the boards onto the ice, the faultless young man becomes Bobby Clarke, the dread menace—and hockey's No. 1 player

by RAY KENNEDY

CONTINUED

MR. CLARKE continued

Bobby Clarke can do it all. Yes, sir, he's one of the great ones. He gets the job done. He plays the game the way it should be played—the winning way. He hangs tough. He never lets up, never lets up. Work, work, work—that's Bobby Clarke. He's a take-charge guy. A natural leader. A team man. He gives everything he has—and more. He plays as if every game were his last. He makes things happen. He has pride. Desire. Heart. Character. He's a competitor.

That locker-room litany is not just some fizz left over from the Philadelphia Flyers' last Stanley Cup bash. No, cliché by sweaty cliché, every word of it was actually uttered this season by various opponents of Clarke, the man whom Detroit Red Wing Goalie Ed Giacomin, stretching for a high, hot one, calls "Mr. Fire." If not exactly breathless, the phrasemaking by Giacomin and all the other National Hockey League laureates who persist in describing the Flyer center as the original "110" guy" is understandable.

After all, what precisely does one say about a profes-

sional athlete who starts off each day with a 55-unit shot of insulin; a myopic, relatively small player of only average skating and shooting skills who twice in the past three years has been voted the NHL's Most Valuable Player and who is once again leading the league in autographs, humility, gifts to the needy, leadership-merit badges and, if shaggy 26-year-old cherubs are your thing, shining good looks?

Well, given all the gush, one might say that perhaps Bobby Clarke really is some kind of icebound cliché, that by the supreme test of lung and leg that is his profession he actually is the sum of a lot of hoary intangibles like second effort, will to win and all that.

Do not smirk. The big, bad, burly Philadelphia Flyers not only talk, *seriously* talk, about the old do-or-die spirit all the time, they even know the location of Clarke's supply—sort of. Patting his heart, Center Terry Crisp says, "That little extra something that Bobby has comes from here. It's not the kind of stuff you pick up in a container at the corner store." Tapping his head, Goalie Bernie Parent says, "Clarke's got it here. He makes sense 85% or 90% of the time, the other dummies on this team only about half the time. That's why he's captain." Thumping his gut, Forward Dave Schultz says, "It's something you reach down here for. I don't know where Bobby gets it, but I sure admire it."

No, the Flyers do not take kindly to smirkers. What differences of opinion there are about Clarke, in fact, depend solely on one's vantage point—including flat on the ice. One might, for instance, agree with Montreal Canadian Defenseman Pierre Bouchard, who says, "Clarke is the dirtiest player in the league." Or with Milt Schmidt, former coach of the Washington Capitals: "I don't think I have the vocabulary to express the goodness of the guy." Or Toronto Maple Leaf Coach Red Kelly: "I don't think I'd call Clarke dirty. Mean is a better word." Or Flyers' Board Chairman Ed Snider: "Look, I know people tend to exaggerate the superstar thing, so you'll just have to take my word for it. Clarke is *it*. He's not just an amazing hockey player. He's an amazing human being, a once-in-a-lifetime guy, an incredible phenomenon of our time!" Or Clarke himself: "Aaw, naaw, none of that stuff is true."

What is true is that the line dividing aggressive play and mindless violence in pro hockey has become blurred. And by skating a wavering course somewhere in between, the Philadelphia Flyers, alias the Broad Street Bullies, alias the Mean Machine, alias the Mad Squad, have become the focal point of the controversy over brutality on the ice.

In Philadelphia, alias the City of Brotherly Mug, the prevailing argument is that it is not the duty of the Flyers to enact or enforce the rules. Their job is to win, and that they have done in smashing dramatic fashion by copping the Stanley Cup the past two seasons, not to mention routing the Soviet Union's Central Army Club in January. The fact that along the way the Flyers also became the most penalized team in NHL history is considered neither shocking nor scandalous, merely the price of victory.

And protection, claims Snider. "Listen, I'm tired of all this violence talk," he says a trifle violently. "When we first started out here at the Spectrum nine years ago we watched

Clarke, the eternal irritant, tangles with an exasperated Canucks



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN NELSON

guys like John Ferguson, one of those so-called "skating gazelles" from Montreal, pound our teeny little guys into the ice night after night. Why didn't people scream then? We didn't. We went out and got the best policeman there is, Dave Schultz, and as soon as we started to win, all these supposed purists began calling us animals and goons. Ridiculous!" Adds Flyer Coach Freddie Shero, "If it's pretty skating they want, let 'em go to the Ice Capades."

Clarke, a vice-president of the NHL's Players Association, takes a softer line. He reasons that if the sport is in need of reforms, they can only be determined by powers removed from the daily hit-and-hustle business of winning. "In many ways we players are the worst judges of what may or may not be too much violence," he says. "We've all been raised to play a certain way and if people now find that offensive, then let's clean things up. Heck, if everyone is really so concerned, they could put in a new rule today that would eliminate the fighting tomorrow. If that's what everybody wants, let's do it. If not, let's get on with the game."

Next question.

Are you, er, a meanie?

"Aaw, naaw," says Clarke. "Scotty Bowman [the Montreal coach] said something like that once and right away people picked up on it. I'm too small to be a dirty hockey player. I'm not squawking, but I've eaten a few, too, you know. Guys who complain about my being dirty should go home with my body at night."

Freddie Shero never complains. He contradicts. "Generally, Clarke carries his stick a little higher than it should be," he says. "He's like a leech: check, check, check. He wants to be hacking and hitting and all that. Sure he's mean. Anybody who expects to be truly great has to be mean. I'm talking about Gordie Howe, who could carve you. Or Rocket Richard. Or Milt Schmidt. They were mean. They took care of the opposition. Like Clarke."

Violent? Dirty? Mean? Most valuable? Obviously, distinctions in the NHL come in several different shades, all of them gray. And deep in that haze is where Bobby Clarke does his thing, emerging in the end as a paragon wrapped inside a paradox. He changes images with an audible click, now popping out his four front teeth to become Bobby Clarke, the toothless rink terror, now clapping them back in place to revert to Bobby Clarke, leader of men. The scenes tend to blur.

In 1972, when Team Canada needed a swift stroke of good fortune to rescue its series against Russia, Clarke provided it with the now infamous shot heard round the hockey world. It came when Clarke, sweeping up ice behind Valery Kharlamov, decided that "something had to be done about this guy who was killing us." So he slashed the Soviet star across the ankles with his stick. The two-hander sidelined the Russian, and the Canadians rallied to win the last three games and the series.

"It's not something I'm really proud of," says Clarke, "but I honestly can't say I was ashamed to do it. Right before it happened he stuck me pretty good in the stomach with his stick. He hurt me and I wanted to hurt him back.

Everyone says that the Russians are different, that they play patterned, position hockey. But throw us together and they can be just as dirty as anyone. The only difference is that the Canadians do it out in the open and the Russians do it sneaky."

In the 1974 playoffs, when the New York Rangers rebounded to take a pair from the Flyers and tie the series at two games apiece, Clarke was quick to isolate the problem. Rick MacLeish, the team's best skater and shooter, was "floating," a recurrent letdown that caused him to take a total of only four shots in the Flyers' two losing efforts. Then, suddenly, Rick the Rifle started firing again, scoring two goals to win the fifth game and getting two more big ones in the finals, including the shot that clinched the championship for the Flyers.

What happened? "Clarke told me to get off my rear," MacLeish said.

Behind 1-0 in the final minutes of the sixth game of the 1974 cup finals, the Boston Bruins were looking to Bobby Orr to save them from being eliminated by the Flyers. But while the action—and the officials' attention—was directed elsewhere, Orr was engaged with Clarke, who earlier had baited the Bruin superstar into a roughing penalty. This time Orr felt that Clarke was guilty of tripping, so when Clarke sped off moments later on a breakaway, Orr overtook him with a vengeance and was assessed two minutes for holding. Since there was only 2:22 remaining at the time, in effect Orr—and Boston's hopes—were gone for good.

Late last season, when the Flyers were coasting some nine points behind the league-leading Buffalo Sabres and seemed certain to finish with only the third-best record in the NHL, Clarke confronted Shero.

"I don't think we can end up first," Shero said, "so I'll be playing everyone, giving the guys on the bench some experience."

"Screw that," Clarke said. "Forget those guys on the bench. I've talked to them, they don't care. We want to finish first."

"I don't think it's possible," Shero said.

"Give us a chance," Clarke said.

"He really gave me hell," Shero recalls. "So I played the best and they made it. I counted us out until Clarke gave me the courage to do what I wanted to do. On the other hand, when we're way ahead in a game, Clarke'll demand that we break up a line to give the guys on the bench a break. You think Orr or Esposito or any of the other top scorers would take themselves out of an easy game? No, they want to be out there picking up those points. But not Bobby. Heck, he gives away a lot of his points. More than some guys score in an entire season. There's never been one like him in 50 years."

Last season, during a rugged 6-3 Flyer victory over Toronto that was televised nationally in Canada, Clarke was charged with spearing Rod Seiling, his close friend and former Team Canada roommate. Replied again and again

continued

on TV, the incident caused the NHL to be besieged with angry anti-Clarke mail and moved one sportscaster to recommend that the Flyers captain be fined \$5,000 and suspended for the season.

Clarke admits, "I speared Rod. I poleaxed him and I cut him close to the eye. Things like that happen in the heat of a game, I'm afraid. I culled Rod the next morning and apologized. What else could I do?"

Scifling says, "I like Bobby as a man but I think he carries the aggressiveness a bit far on the ice. I don't think he has to use the stick on people's bodies as much as he does to be effective."

In last year's Stanley Cup finals, the Flyers won the first two games, then dropped two in a row to the Sabres in Buffalo. Clarke was burning. "The Philadelphia locker room was closed for 15 minutes after the fourth game," says one source, "because Bobby was lashing the rest of the Flyers verbally, telling them how stupid it was to get that far and then throw it away. The reason he was telling them that was because you couldn't believe the drinking that went on in the hotel the previous night. When they sent out a line in the fourth game, they'd have one guy who went to bed at 10 o'clock and two guys with hangovers. And the worst part of it was that management was buying a lot of the rounds."

After the locker-room scene, says the source, Clarke cornered Snider, who was heard mumbling, "You're right, Bobby. You're right. It won't happen again. You're right. I apologize."

The Flyers won the next two games and their second Stanley Cup.

It is not incidental that each of these interludes has a common denominator: victory for Clarke's side. But does the long end of the score justify the short end of the stick? "We used to sit around and talk about that," says Bill Clement, Washington's ex-captain, recently traded to Atlanta, spent four years with Clarke at Philadelphia. "The violent stuff was almost never premeditated. Bobby would say, 'I just want to win so badly.'"

Clarke is not of the roundhouse-right school. He leaves that chore to such mop-up specialists as Dave (the Hammer) Schultz, Bob (the Hound) Kelly, Andre (Moose) Dupont and Don (Big Bird) Saleski. Their mission is clear. "Our leader must be protected at all times," says Schultz ominously.

Out there on the frozen playgrounds of the NHL that kind of bullyboy support can make a little guy feel downright feisty. "Clarke's no different than any other player," says Maple Leaf center Darryl Sittler. "If a player knows that when he fights he fights alone, then he's not too eager to start anything. But when he knows that the entire team is willing to fight for him, then he can try a lot more things that could cause trouble."

The result, says Sittler, is that "more than any other player on the league Clarke battles you all the time. He does anything he can to make you think of something other than playing your game. A little whack here, a little jab there. If he can't get you upset, he just steps up the nonsense until he does, and some of it is pretty tough. You don't mind

guys working to stop you but Clarke does go a bit far. Cripes, he wants to win so badly that he'll do just about anything."

Not just any old time, though. Marc Boileau, former coach of the Pittsburgh Penguins, says, "Clarke takes what he can get. He'll elbow you and hook you, but he gets away with it because he knows when to stop. When he hooks you, for example, he does it with a great sense of timing. If somebody's going to beat him, he gets that stick in there. But he always manages to get it away before the official calls it. He's a cute one, all right." Los Angeles Defense-man Neil Komadoski relates, "I remember how he suckered me into a penalty when I was a rookie with the Kings. He brushed me across the face with his glove and I cross-checked him for the penalty. That's something a rookie has to learn, when to retaliate at the right time."

Clarke is a hummingbird among hawks. "He's everywhere he's supposed to be. Yet he's everywhere you don't expect him to be," says the Atlanta Flames' Bill Flett. Clarke never leaves the ice without trying to skate in front of an opponent. He dances box steps in front of a rival's net to obstruct the goalie's view of a shot. He kills penalties, works the power play, forechecks with deadly abandon and steals face-offs with the touch and trickery of a peckpocket. And when he centers for linemates Bill Barber and Reggie Leach, his only possible fault, says Buffalo Coach Floyd Smith, is "not shooting the puck enough himself, being too unselfish."

"With Bobby," says Leach, who scored 45 goals last season after joining the Flyers in a trade recommended by Clarke, "I know that all I have to do is skate to an open spot on the ice and I'll get the puck. Usually right on my stick. From there, it's just a matter of pulling the trigger."

But what mainly fires the Flyers, what disrupts rivals, stirs controversies and wins Stanley Cups is Clarke's cursed, dogged, clawing, nonstop drive. He is just plain too annoying to be around. Even when he is not in nagging pursuit, the thought that he *might* be makes for a lot of looking over the shoulder. As Shero astutely points out, "When you're looking behind you, you don't know what's in front of you. You can fall down a lot that way."

Or get knocked down. Either way, Shero's logic is hard to fault: "If you keep the opposition on their butts, they don't score goals." So much for defense. Offensively, the Flyers excel at another rough, rudimentary skill: dumping the puck into the corners and going in after it, no holds—or elbows, knees, forearms, sticks, fists—barred. Winger Kelly, whose scarred brows are testament to his duties, says, "A lot of us are not what you'd call smooth skaters. I guess you'd call our style better-skelter."

Better-skelter, hit and hurt, it is all as plain as the stripes on a referee's shirt. "There is nothing mystical about the way Philadelphia plays," says Montreal goalie Ken Dryden, "but they're very effective. They just sort of come at you and the person who comes at you more than anybody is Bobby Clarke."

And therein, says Terry Crisp, hand still figuratively on heart, lies Clarke's chief virtue as Captain Inspiration. "When our club is groping and gasping along," says Crisp, "Bobby comes to the fore. That's what you mean by leadership. Leadership isn't walking around before the game,

continued

FIVE WAYS TO OPEN OUR STRONGBOX.

Five big doors. It's easy to slip into a Datsun 610 or 710 family wagon. Because both come with five big doors and a little Datsun price. (Many wagons in the class, like Vega and Pinto, give you just three doors.)

Strongbox. Both models have a one-piece steel unibody to protect you from the outside world. Other strong points include hefty power-assist front disc brakes. Husky 2000cc engine.

And a smooth shifting

4-speed manual transmission (or an optional automatic).

Loaded wagons. Among the many no-cost extras, you find: Fully reclining front bucket seats. Tinted glass. Electric clock. Electric rear window defogger. Full carpeting. Plus: 57.8 cu. ft. of cargo space in the 610, 46.2 cu. ft. in the 710.

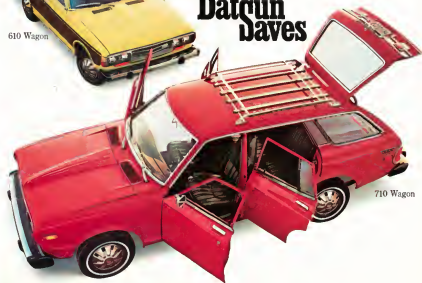
Nearly 4,000 strong backers. Behind every Datsun stand nearly 4,000 factory-trained service technicians and our vast computerized parts network. Reason for this strong backing is simple. We figure the longer your Datsun survives, the longer you'll save.

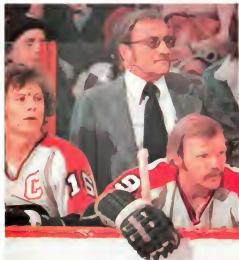
Datsun Saves

610 Wagon



710 Wagon





Quote from Coach Smerd: "An oak is a nut that held its ground."

smacking guys on the back, telling them to go out there and win one for the Gipper. Leadership is making a big play when you really need it. Leadership is Bobby's desire to win. He does so much, so well. Listen, he'd drive the ice-cleaning machine if they wanted him to."

And so the sermonettes go in Philadelphia. Ultimately, though, whatever it is that makes Bobby Clarke a little special and causes all these hard-nosed men to carry on so about one of the most stultifying topics in sports—leadership—is perhaps best summed up by Ed Snider, a front-office realist who showed his concern for soul after the Flyers' first Stanley Cup by raising ticket prices 50%.

The secret, says Snider, is that "Bobby Clarke has no outstanding talents. When our guys see someone like Bobby Orr or Guy Lafleur or Gilbert Perreault, players with such great natural gifts, they know they could never be like them no matter how hard they tried. But when they see Bobby, they think, 'Hey, I can do that.' They feel they can do everything he can do if they just put out the same effort."

If that effort sometimes results in the kind of violence that demeans the sport, it can be argued that it is not the Flyers' "exuberance" but the league's permissiveness that is to blame. Or, as Smerd contends, "Success requires no explanations, failure presents no alibis." So while the NHL continues to ponder, the Flyers figure to keep exploiting every weakness they can find, including the slow whistle. Smerd has a saying for that tactic as well: "He that

will not when he may, he shall not when he will."

You figure it out, The Flyers gave up trying to long ago. They call Smerd Mr. X, the Phantom and the Fog. He is a study in burnt sienna. His hair, his complexion, his suits and tinted glasses all are of a dark reddish hue that seems to mask a man of mystery—and savvy mischief. During one game he stopped the action by blithely tossing a handful of change on the ice. "What the hell," he says, "the refs knew where it came from and we needed the rest."

In marked contrast to the mayhem he presides over, Smerd is an extraordinarily placid man. His prolonged blinks have been officially timed as naps, and when he resurfaces it is often to say things like, "Sometimes you lose by winning," or, "We play cerebral, not physical, hockey," or, "To really coach, you've got to be miserable in winter and more miserable in summer." Yes, one can understand the strains and pressures of a long season, but why the misery in summer? "Because I'm not coaching." Oh.

But mostly Smerd saves his confounding Confucianisms for the Flyer blackboard, where he is forever scribbling such bulletins as, "Only a mediocre person is always at his best," and "An oak tree is just a nut that held its ground." To the latter, Winger Gary Dornhoefer appended, "If you walk with your head in the clouds and keep your feet on the ground, you can make a million dollars in the National Basketball Association."

"It's just the way I am," says Smerd of his stoic, enigmatic ways. "I hate showing my emotions in public. That's why I sit in my basement alone or go for long walks by myself." After one wee-hours stroll in Atlanta during the 1974 playoffs, Smerd woke up with a broken thumb, a gashed arm, assorted bruises and no recollection of what had happened. "I don't know if I had a fight in a bar," he said, "but if I did it wouldn't be the first time. I remember the word 'animal' upset me."

"The Fog is everywhere," says Clarke. "Turn a corner and he's there. Go into a bar down an alley and he's there, he's everywhere. And never ever will he say hello to you. What can you say about Freddie? We went from nothing to the Stanley Cup once we got him. If we lose he never comes in and gives us hell. He treats us like men. We love Freddie."

And the City of Brotherly Love loves Robert Earle Clarke. It must, for why else would it adopt as its favorite son an alien who lives in New Jersey and hails from a place called Flin Flon? That's Flin Flon, Manitoba, which can be reached by barging a river at Winnipeg and proceeding 500 miles northwest to the first rocky mass spilling over the Saskatchewan border.

Named after Josiah Flintahbatey Flonatin, a prospector in a dime adventure novel, Flin Flon is a subarctic redoubt where most of the 12,000 inhabitants work for the Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co., including Clarke's father, who is a drilling inspector. Scratching around for copper and zinc 5,000 feet below ground was not Bobby's idea of a fun job. "In Flin Flon you either play hockey or you work in the mines," he says. "There's no way I wanted to work in those mines."

So, often braving numbing temperatures of 30 and 40 degrees below zero, he played hockey, hockey, hockey. His

continued

Banff National Park, Alberta, Canada



Canada at its best.

Try the light, smooth whisky that's becoming America's favorite Canadian.
Imported Canadian Mist.

IMPORTED BY BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS IMPORT COMPANY, N.Y., N.Y., CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND, 80 OR 86 & PROOF, © 1975.

TALL 120s Towers over ordinary cigarettes



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Tall: 20 mg "tar," 1.1 mg nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

MR. CLARKE *continued*

mother recalls, "Bobby learned to skate on an open-air rink and he lived there morning, noon and night. Of course, that still wasn't enough hockey for him, so we had another rink out in the garden. Many's the time he'd shoot the puck off the side of the house—and a few times through the window."

Clarke learned that he was diabetic when he was 15. To determine if his hockey career would have to be curtailed, his father took him to Winnipeg for further checkups. But Bobby had already decided to play hockey whatever the doctors said. "He'd never seen the bright lights of the big city before," his father recalls. "It was just before Christmas and I said we'd take him downtown to see all the lights. But he already had his skates on. He was going for a skate on some rink on the outskirts of town."

Pat Ginnell, former coach of the Flin Flon Bombers, first saw Clarke in 1966. "He was wearing glasses, had buckteeth and looked kind of thin on the ice," says Ginnell. "But once he started moving, there was no doubt in my mind that this was going to be one of the best kids I ever coached."

Quitting school at 17, Clarke joined Ginnell's Bombers and for the next two seasons led the Western Canadian Junior League in scoring. Ginnell recalls, "Bobby's leadership qualities really came forward his last season at Flin Flon, even in practice. One day a bunch of the guys were goofing off during a scrimmage and that got Bobby good and mad. 'I want to play hockey for a living and you guys are hurting me and the team. Shape up!' he said. By setting an example Bobby made sure everyone fell into line."

By 1969, when he became eligible for the NHL draft, Clarke was considered the best junior in Western Canada. Nonetheless, though he was armed with a Mayo Clinic report confirming that he was capable of competing, his reputation as "that diabetic centerman" had preceded him. Most NHL teams rejected Clarke without bothering to check his medical records, leaving him, to their undying regret, to be snatched away by the Flyers as the No. 17 pick. Though he felt snubbed at the time, Clarke now says, "If nobody drafted me, I would have sneaked out and played pick-up games. It didn't make any difference."

The Flyers had reason to doubt the Mayo Clinic when Clarke, reporting for

his first practice at the team's training camp, fainted on the ice. "They thought he was drunk," a Flyer says, "and they were about to throw him out until somebody explained that it was the diabetes thing. So they called an ambulance."

Diagnosed as a failure to eat breakfast—a must for a diabetic—the collapse caused the Flyers to keep an attentive eye on Clarke's daily regimen ever since. He is supplied with scheduled doses of sweetened Cokes and orange juice at each game and his weight is checked almost daily to make certain that it stays within the acceptable range of 178 to 183 pounds. "There's no problem," insists Clarke, who cites the success of other diabetic athletes such as Billy Talbert and Ron Santo, "I have to do some things, other players have to do other things. Some play with bad backs or knees. Some play with plates in their skulls. I don't feel unusual in any way."

Clarke certainly looked different from his fellow Flyers when he suited up for his rookie season. His glasses had been replaced by contact lenses and his buckteeth had long since been claimed by the hockey tooth fairy. But the blond hair was as short-cropped as ever and his dimpled visage suggested that he should be playing third soprano for the Vienna Boys Choir. And instead of growling menacingly, he kept saying things like, "I've never seen a place as big as Philadelphia before. I can't believe it. It's like a dream. Imagine, me being on the ice with Howe and Hull and all those guys. I just can't believe it."

Neither could a stewardess on a team flight to St. Louis. Noticing a cut on Clarke's cheek and a blackened right eye, she asked, "Were you in an automobile accident?"

"No," he said, "I'm a professional hockey player."

"Oh," she said, "I thought you were only a teen-ager."

It was a tough rap to live down, but Clarke managed it by making the NHL West All-Star team and being voted the division's Rookie of the Year. That spring, shortly after returning to Flin Flon, Clarke was in an automobile accident. Though no one was injured, it had a profoundly sobering effect on him. Clarke admits he was playing the NHL hotshot. "I was driving along with three girls in my big new car with the big engine one night," he says. "We'd had a

few drinks, and all of a sudden I hit the gravel on the side of the road, the car flipped and I found myself on the roof."

The very next day Pittsburgh's Michel Briere, whom Clarke had beaten out for Rookie of the Year honores, lost control of his car on a Quebec highway, was hurled through the windshield and, after several months in a coma, died. "It made me think about a lot of things in a different way," says Clarke.

As Clarke's locks lengthened over the next two years so, too, did the lines of maturity. At the outset of the 1972-73 season Shero made him, at age 23, the youngest team captain in NHL history. "I don't care if you're 18 or 50," Shero says, "if you've got leadership qualities, you've got 'em. And Clarke's got 'em."

"Aaw, naaw," says Clarke, "he just did it to shake up the club."

Outfitfully shaken, the Flyers rattled and rolled to their first winning season and battled all the way to the second round of the playoffs before being eliminated by Montreal. For his part, Captain Clarke won his first MVP trophy and became only the ninth NHL player ever to top the 100-point mark in a single season. Did the Flyers' revitalization have anything to do with the new leadership? "Aaw, naaw," said Clarke, "it's just a coincidence."

There was nothing coincidental about the Flyers' new image. Increasingly the following season they began attracting the kind of notices usually reserved for *The Ring* magazine. In its coverage of one game *The Philadelphia Bulletin* reported, "Dave Schultz took over with a series of jolting right jabs that ripped solidly into Bouchard's bloodied face. The big Frenchman ducked his head trying to wrestle inside, but Schultz went underneath and began scoring with uppercuts." And no main bout was complete, it seemed, without a few words from the champ. "I hit him about eight times right in the yep," was Schultz' recap of one game. "He was bleeding like a pig."

No one seemed quite certain what was growing there in the Cradle of Liberty. Terry Crisp called it a juggernaut. The Bruins' forward, Terry O'Reilly, said it was the Roller Derby on ice. But whatever the label, there was no ignoring the two-fisted upstarts from Philadelphia. Indeed, while becoming only the third team in league history to win 50 or more games in a season, the 1973-74

Flyers also set attendance marks in five NHL cities.

So there they were on the threshold of their first Stanley Cup triumph and who could believe them? There was Mr. Fire, saying, "It's come down to a test of character." There was Mr. X, saying, "If we win the cup I'm going to return to law school. I think that the law properly exercised can save the world." There was the Hammer, saying, "I'll take on five or six guys at once if I have to." And there, most improbable of all, was Kate Smith, saying, "What could be better than being linked with something so wholesome as good clean sport?" Toss in Goalie Bernie ("Only Jesus saves more than Bernie") Parent, mix well with several thousand rabid fans, orchestrate to the strains of *God Bless America* sung by a 65-year-old Valkyrie and—crunch!—you have the Incredible Flying Machine.

More incredible still was that it was happening right there in Philadelphia, City of Losers and the butt of the national joke ("You're sure, General, it hasn't already been bombed?"). True, the town had its championship moments: the pennant won by the Whiz Kids in 1950, the Eagles' NFL title in 1960, the 76ers' NBA triumph in 1967 and the Atoms' North American soccer victory in 1973. But those were lonely hurrahs in a canyon of defeat, exceptions that proved that the city did not feel it had had anything to really cheer about since the Union army won at Gettysburg.

Or at least that was the popular notion fostered by everyone from W.C. Fields to the late Jimmy Cannon, who once wrote, "Philadelphia is an old wine sleeping it off in a doorway littered with busted dreams. Its teams are doomed to lose and its fans are cruel and crabbed."

And so it almost seemed when the Flyers opened at the Spectrum in 1967 with a scant 1,200 season tickets sold. The only roof they raised was their own—a windstorm tore away a section of the Spectrum ceiling, causing the building to be temporarily condemned and the Flyers to play their last month of "home" games in places like Quebec City. WHERE, OR WHERE ARE OUR WANDERING BOYS TONIGHT? wondered a headline in the *Bulletin*. They were at the top of their expansionist West Division in the end, but who could get excited about a bunch of absences? Nobody.

There were other embarrassments, like

continued

TALL 120s

All those
extra puffs.
Costs no more
than 100's.



Warning: The Surgeon General Has
Determined That Cigarette Smoking
Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Menthol 15 mg. "tar," 1.6 mg. nicotine
av. per cigarette by FTC method.

the time the Flyers' inept play moved NHL President Clarence Campbell to berate the team publicly for lack of competitiveness (words he would live to rue). Or the night the St. Louis Blues' Red Berenson single-handedly scored six goals against the Philadelphia. Or the 80-foot goal by the Minnesota North Stars' Barry Gibbs that locked the Flyers out of the 1970 playoffs. Or the long shot by Buffalo's Gerry Meehan that eliminated them with only four seconds left in the 1971-72 season.

The Flyers, it seemed, belonged in the City of Losers. But then Clarke, who wept after that last-gasp disappointment in 1970, and Shero and Schultz and Parent and Kate and the gang started to come to the fore and with them a city-wide spirit of revival. And when the underdog expansionist Flyers finally won the Stanley Cup in 1974, the effusive words of the NHL president did not tell the half of it. Campbell, who earlier in the series had chastised the Flyers for their pugnaciousness, pronounced their victory "Probably the biggest event that ever happened in hockey."

To a degree unexpected by anyone, the Flyers' triumph touched off a night of wild revelry in Philadelphia the likes of which had not been seen since V-E day. Caravans of cars, with horns blaring, clogged the streets. Buses were overturned. Streakers were everywhere. There were bonfires, fireworks, mums' bands and conga lines. At Clarke's home in New Jersey a crowd of 2,000 uprooted shrubbery and tore off souvenir shingles until restrained by police. The next day what was planned as a 45-minute victory parade turned into a five-hour orgy in which some two million people besieged the Flyers, in some cases caving in their convertibles, and forcing Clarke and other players to flee for their safety.

No one is quite sure why, but, like the Amazon' Mets of 1969, the Flyers' young, underdog, oft-maligned, come-from-nowhere image seemed to strike a responsive chord in the hardest of hearts. Philadelphians, denied respect for so long, identified with the losers turned winners. They loved it when Clarke did not know how to open his bottle of victory champagne. And the boys in the South Philly bars nodded in knowing agreement when Shero said of the new champions, "These guys don't like champagne. They'd soon-

er drink beer. That should tell you something about this club."

"The Flyers have skated that loser image into the Delaware, and a lot of crudeness and crabbiness has sunk along with it," said an editorial in the *Bulletin*. "They've given a tremendous lift to civic morale. They've provided an example, an incentive to excel in all our endeavors." *The Philadelphia Inquirer* added, "Perhaps, and this may be a daring thought to some, it is Philadelphia and its people who are striving mightily to become No. 1."

Right on, Philadelphia. Though Flyer games are sellouts and Ed Snider says, "I could sell another 100,000 season tickets if I had them," there are other compensations. Every day, for example, the city's TV sportscasters get to lead off with these thrilling words, "In sports news in Philadelphia, city of winners. . ."

How long that happy opportunity will prevail is a subject that concerns Captain Clarke. He remembers what Harry Sinden, general manager of the Bruins, said way back in the middle of the 1974 cup finals. "If the Flyers win this thing," Sinden said, "wait and see how they are in a couple of years. Wait until they get rich." Clarke is not hurting. He signed a seven-year, \$1,050,000 contract in 1974 that calls for the payments to be spread equally over the next 20 years, thereby guaranteeing him an income of at least \$50,000 a year until he is 45.

Does that bode complacency? Must the Flyers heed the Shero scribbling that says, "There is plenty of room at the top but not enough room to sit down?" Clarke thinks so. "The enthusiasm is not the same this year," he says. "Unlike losing, you get used to winning. The first year we won the Stanley Cup we were hungry. We had to win to prove to ourselves that we could do it. Last year we had to prove that the previous year wasn't a fluke, like a lot of people said." And this year? "I guess you'd have to say we're the team to beat." He said that before MacLeish was injured and lost for the season, but it's still true.

The Flyers are also a different team to beat, claims Clarke. "This year we're getting away from the aggressiveness," he says. "It was necessary for us to build up a reputation, and now that we have it, teams will let us play hockey. Besides, if you get into brawls three or four times a game you don't get out of the building

until past midnight. People don't want to see that. It gets boring."

Perhaps so, but when there are not elements of nationalism involved the Flyers do give hints that they might be relaxing their muscle a mite. Shero has been heard mumbling of late about "those silly penalties." And after a dispiriting loss not too long ago, Clarke complained, "It's the same old story. You lose your momentum when you're killing penalties all night."

In last year's cup finals, in fact, Philadelphia got into only two fights while defeating Buffalo with some good sound hockey. And Schultz, who was used only sparingly in the finals, reports, "Things have changed. Two years ago everybody was willing to fight. Now I'm not saying we're not willing to, I'm just saying we don't have to."

If there is a sucker punch hidden in there somewhere (as of last week the Flyers were, as usual, the NHL's most penalized team), Clarke is not owning up. Indeed, once prone to fire from the lip (two seasons ago he suggested that Campbell resign because "none of the other big leagues have old guys as their heads"), now his "aw, maaws" cover a multitude of diplomatic hedgings.

In 1974, for example, Defenseman Joe Watson reported, "Heck, sometimes Clarke gives us more crap when we let down than he does to players on the other team." Now Clarke tends to serve up his intangibles with beer. "Geer," he says, "try and tell a guy that he's not stacking with his man when he comes back to the bench and he's been out there working his butt off, he's going to get mad. But you can talk about mistakes over a few beers. You can say all day how you're going to work your butt off, but you still have to do it. But if I talk to Rick MacLeish and he says he's going to do it, then I feel I have to do it. And then Bill Barber talks to me and he says he'll do it. It's contagious."

Whatever it takes, Clarke seems ready to deliver. Late last season, when he noticed that Parent was not as sharp as usual, he called the goalie aside and told him, "Look, you're the one guy who can win the Stanley Cup for us. Do it and I'll buy you a jeep." Parent won MVP honors—and an orange and black jeep with denim interior was duly delivered. With Parent sidelined by an injury so far this season, Clarke may have a jeep talk

continued

*The 1976 Thunderbird.
Could it be the best luxury car buy in the world?*

The Private World of Thunderbird includes standard features like automatic transmission, power front disc brakes, power side windows, solid-state ignition. Not to mention air conditioning, vinyl roof, steel-belted radials and split bench seats. In addition there is an impressive list of added comforts and conveniences available to choose from.

Enter the Private World of Thunderbird for 1976.



Shown: 1976 Thunderbird with optional Bordeaux Luxury Group, PWS tires, Moonroof and Convenience Group.

The closer you look, the better we look. See your local Ford Dealer.

THUNDERBIRD

FORD DIVISION



A full-page photograph of two young men with dark hair, smiling broadly. The man on the left is wearing a white polo shirt and white shorts, holding a large silver trophy with both hands. The man on the right is wearing a white polo shirt under a dark jacket and white shorts, with his arm around the first man's shoulder. They are standing outdoors on a grassy field.

Tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.

When the moment's really special, make sure the beer is too.
The classic taste of Löwenbräu.



on the tip of his tongue for stand-in Wayne Stephenson.

When Clarke was given a new Mercedes for being the 1975 MVP, he exchanged it for the half-ton truck he now drives to the games. Down-home tastes come natural to Bobby. Asked to submit his favorite dish for a story in the Flyer program, his wife Sandy offered "hot dog surprise," which is a frank on a bun with mustard and—surprise—a dash of relish.

Sandy Clarke, who comes from a small town near Flin Flon, says she cannot understand all the fuss over Bobby, why people are forever ringing her bell and asking, "Can we look at him?" "When we met," she says, "he was going to school and in the summers he pumped gas and drove a tow truck. With the Bombers, he was the leading scorer all right, but everybody had watched him grow and wasn't impressed. He still wears jeans and cutoffs, still looks as grubby as ever. But now people treat him

differently. It's like they've got him way up high on this pedestal where he doesn't belong."

But there Bobby Clarke stands, propped up by Snider, Shero and whoever else happens by. On and on they go about how he picks up draft choices at the airport and moves them into his home; how he is adopting a Canadian Indian boy to be raised with his own children, Wade, 4, and Jody, 2; how he arranges for cars and clothing allowances for the players; how he takes the trainers and their families to Florida each summer at his own expense; how he refuses to take any of his hockey trophies—Wanamaker, Masterson, Pearson, etc.—home; how he runs his own preseason training camp for the Flyers; how he is the only player on the team without a manager because he is not interested in making more money on the outside; and on and on.

"How much money does a man need?" Clarke asked recently while relaxing in

the living room of his home, which is on a busy street and might be described as suburban modest. Though the sign on the door reads, *PLS DO NOT RING BELL, DADDY AND BABY ASLEEP*, the bell kept ringing.

"Can I have five autographed pictures?" one small boy asked Clarke at the door.

"What about those two guys hiding behind the tree out there?" Clarke said.

"Make it nine autographed pictures," the boy said, and Clarke complied.

"I'm happy if I can take care of my family," Clarke continued, "have a nice house and things like a nice car, be with my friends, swim and play golf. I like hockey, I like the life. It's a heck of a challenge to see if you can motivate 20 guys. I'm really a very average guy in most ways. If I have any one talent it might be that I do like to work hard."

Or as one Shero maximpus it, "If you push through the pain barrier into real agony, you get many intangibles." **END**

HOW TO SHAMPOO WITHOUT REMOVING YOUR CAP.



Easy. Simply buy RK Deep Cleansing Shampoo in the new family size tube. The cap? It's

a flip top that stays on. Can't drop off in the shower.

What's beneath it is even better. A rich lathering shampoo scientifically formulated for hair that's hard to keep clean. Because it contains milk amino acids and no sticky resins, it's

particularly effective on oily hair and scalp.

RK Deep Cleansing Shampoo has a pH that matches the acid mantle of healthy hair. So you can use it as often as you like. It not only cleans but acts as a body builder to make your hair more manageable.

Ask your barber stylist about RK. Chances are, he uses it on his own hair. Can you think of a better recommendation?



RK and Laboratories, Inc. 1976. All Rights Reserved.

RK DEEP CLEANSING SHAMPOO
Only at your barber stylist.

24 ways to improve your game!

THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED LIBRARY: AMERICA'S BEST SELLING SPORTS INSTRUCTION SERIES!

Just name your game and we'll send you the book that can help you become a winner! Each book in this popular library is expertly illustrated with step-by-step "How To" drawings and diagrams. Each book features the easy-to-follow basic instruction and winning techniques of America's top players, coaches and experts—from Bud Wilkinson on football to Bill Talbert on tennis. And each

book comes to you in a handsome, hardcover edition for only \$4.95. To order, simply fill in the coupon below and mail it—along with your check or money order—to: The Sports Illustrated Library, P.O. Box 6340, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101. Join the three million Americans who already have improved their games with these great, easy-to-use SI books. Mail the coupon today!



Basic Rules and Scoring • The Game • Series • Downs • The Snap • Drop and Net Shots • Drives • Single Tactics • Doubles



Hitting - Picking - Pick-Off • Throw • Interfacing • Handling Bunts, Pigs Pies • Catching • Outfishing • Cut-offs • Replays • Running Bases • Stealing



Defense - UCLA System and Zone Defense • How To Shoot • The Perfect Free Throw • One-on-One • How to Work the Shuffle



The Game - Rules - Equipment • The Drive • The Grip • The Backswing • The Downswing • Sweeping • Strategy



Family Day - Set Stay Command • Simple Tricks • Field Goals • Furling Scams • Trailing Hounds • Retrievers • Painters



Learning to Catch - Line Leaders • Kicks • Nymph Fishing • Strategy on the Stream • How to Use Dry Flies • Stream Entomology • Types of Flies



Fundamental Play of Inter- or Linebacker • Ends, Linebackers • Secondary Men • Team Alignments • Strategy • Developing a Coordinated Game Plan



Conditioning - Line Play • Techniques of With Receivers • Running Backs • The Quarterback • Basic Formations • Team Fundamentals • Quarterbacking Strategy



The Game and Course • Words • Trees • Grip and Swing • Stance • Address • Pacing Shots • Chip Shots • Putting • Glossary of Terms



The Horse - How to Ride • The Various Seats • Tack and Equipment • The Care and Feeding of Horses



Rules & Equipment • Skates • Skating • Stick Handling • Offense • Attacking & Shooting • Defense • Checking • Goal Tending • Puck Control



Choosing your boat • Safety Rules • Handling in Rough Weather • Basic Navigation • How to Use Compass • Trailers • Handling Emergencies • New Boat Checklist



The Vehicle, Types and Options • Types, Types and Insurance • Dynamics of braking, steering, cornering, skidding • Adverse Conditions • Avoiding Accidents



Equipment Revolution • Tips for Beginners • The Basics • The First Turns • Parallel Sliding • Handling Specific Problems and Various Conditions



Where to Start • Watermanship • How to Select Fit and Put on Basic Gear • Skin Diver and Surface Skills • Rescue • First Aid • Drowning Proofing



Language of Sailing • How to Choose a Class • Sailing to Windward & Leeward • Jibing with a Sprinkler • Sailing a Racing Hull • Sailing out of a Capsize



Ball Skills - Kicking • Receiving • Heading • Dribbling • Tackling • The Throw-in • Goalkeeping • Team Formations • Positions



The Game • The Grip • Ready Position • Forehand • Backhand • The Volley • Service • Return of Service • Tactics • Practice



The Gravel - Kick - Arm Action • The Backstroke • Backstroke • Standing Front Jump • Board Action • Front Heeler • Swan Dive



Spin - Choosing a Racket • The Grip • Push Strokes • Forehand Drive and Backhand Attack • The Defense • The Service



The Grip - Serving and Winning • The Forehand • Backhand • Volley • Better Net Play • Strategy • Doubles • Mixed Doubles



Setting Goals • Training • Equipment • Spraying • Venturing • Medals and Long Distance Running • Warm-up • Weight Training



Building Up the Neck and Shoulders • Arms • Chest • Back • Waist • Legs • Training Programs • Sports Applications • Equipment Review



Basic Skills - Chest Pass • The Setup • Underhand Pass • The Spike • The Block • The Set • Training and Drills • Team Strategy • Rules

Yes, I want to improve my game! Please send me the books I have indicated below. I understand that the price of each is \$4.95. I also understand that if I am not fully satisfied, I may return any or all books within 16 days for full refund.

I enclose \$_____ for _____ books, plus \$1.50 for handling and postage.

- _____ Basketball
_____ Baseball
_____ Basketball
_____ Curling Techniques & Strategy (30-15)
_____ Dog Training
_____ Fly Fishing

- _____ Football Defense
_____ Football Offense
_____ Golf
_____ Horseback Riding
_____ Ice Hockey
_____ Powerboating
_____ Safe Driving
_____ Skiing
_____ Skin Diving and Snorkeling
_____ Small Boat Sailing
_____ Soccer
_____ Squash
_____ Swimming and Diving
_____ Table Tennis
_____ Tennis
_____ Track Running Events
_____ Training with Weights
_____ Volleyball

Check ☐ Money Order ☐ ☐

name _____

address _____

city _____ state _____ zip _____

THE SPORTS ILLUSTRATED HOME LIBRARY

P.O. Box 7777-80 400, Philadelphia, Pa. 19101

FOR

THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Feb. 9-16

PRO BASKETBALL—NBA: Cleveland and Washington broke the week end for the Central Division lead. The Bulls lost to Buffalo 115-107, blowing a 30-point lead in the fourth quarter. Cleveland won at Buffalo 116-114. The Bulls won 99-90 against the Cavaliers of finishing the week with five consecutive first. Boston and Golden State control their division, with races developing for second place. Fred Carter and Doug Collins combined for 79 points in Philadelphia's win on fourth quarter, 136-129 over Houston, and moved into a tie for second with Buffalo in the Atlantic. In the Pacific, Seattle built a three-game losing streak 93-90 against New Orleans, beat Atlanta 119-102 and Portland 122-108 while Bruce Stash led a career-high 29 points, and moved to win his two games of California place Los Angeles. Following Portland's 109-105 loss to Golden State it was learned that Bill Walton was injured and will be sidelined for the first few weeks. The loss to Seattle was the Blazers' fourth in a row and dropped them back to the cellar. Milwaukee was the only Midwestern team to win last night as against. With two victories, 100-95 over New York and 97-89 against Chicago, the 21-32 Bucks took a first place in their place 31 any other division they would be just.

ABA: Denver's formula for success is simple: put David Thompson, Dan Issel and Ralph Sanchez on the court, grab an eighth-round pick in the draft, but has only one division and keep winning. The system works since Denver if you personally take care of the success-up in this case, New York. The Bulls bowed to the Nuggets 128-119, after a pair with St. Louis and then David Dwyer again. This time the Bulls squandered big and will be getting the first few weeks. The loss to Seattle was the Blazers' fourth in a row and dropped them back to the cellar. Milwaukee was the only Midwestern team to win last night as against. With two victories, 100-95 over New York and 97-89 against Chicago, the 21-32 Bucks took a first place in their place 31 any other division they would be just.

BOWLING—CURT SCHMIDT defeated two-seeded Dave Davin 246-161 to win the \$30,000 PBA-Pan American Bowling Tournament in Toronto, Md.

GOAL—Defending champion J. C. NENTAD shot a 16-under-par 272 to win the Andy Williams-Sun Dugan Open by one stroke over Dee Ben.

JOANNE CARNER won the Drange Blomster Classic by defeating Sandra Palmer on the fourth hole of sudden death, after each shot a seven-under-par 209 at St. Petersburg, Fla.

PRO HOCKEY—NHL: Boston has lost only twice since Christmas to the return of 1970 and 1972 Stanley Cup winner Gerry Cheevers from the WHA since the Bruins won the 11th game in the Adams Division, which took the Bruins in the Adams Division by six points. In his first NHL game since the season, he stopped 22 shots and shut out Detroit 7-0. Philadelphia widened its Pacific lead over the Islanders to 13 points and Reggie Keri scored his longest goal-scoring lead in 39 with four goals in the Flyers' 8th straight win, a 3-3 defeat of the Rangers. Vancouver broke its three-game losing streak by beating the Islanders 3-2 and followed that with a 6-4 defeat of Montreal and a 4-3 win over Toronto. The Canucks now trail Vancouver by 10 points, which lost 7-4 to Los Angeles, by eight points. Markus Hedstrom, the Red Wings' one-time league scorer, forced himself wrapped to disgruntled Coach Alex Delvecchio after the Mayor Cup predicted a win and uncertain recovery from a back injury. Montreal dominates the Norris Division, with 12 wins. Markovitch and Guy Lafleur delivered the scoring galaxy; Lafleur got his 36th goal in a 6-3 defeat of the Oilers and Markovitch scored 28 and 27 in the loss to Vancouver.

WHL: Minnesota began its climb out of the West cellar, a 5-4 defeat of San Diego pulling the fighting Bruins into a tie for third with the Maple Leafs. Minnesota won a rematch, 4-2, in St. Louis for the first second. Houston, leading in the West by 10 points, halved Phoenix's six-game losing streak, a 3-3 tie. The Rangers temporarily dropped the Red Wings to a tie. After knocking off Minnesota 5-3 they moved back up. The Rangers are leading in the Eastern Division, with the top three teams in the Canadian Division. When the two clubs met, Quebec's first of Marc Tardif (No. 11, Serge

Bernier (No. 5) and Buddy Clouser (No. 4) scored all but one of the Canadiens' goals in a 5-1 win over the Jets. New England held firm to its lead in the East and Indianapolis stayed in last place.

MOTOR SPORTS: DAVID PEARSON earned his Mustang 74 quarter of a mile to victory in the \$141, 300 Daytona 500 after crashing with Richard Petty just short of the flag (page 70).

WINTER OLYMPICS—BIATHLON: Relay—1) U.S.S.R. (Ugarcov, Bakov, Kravtsov, Tikhonov), 2) Finland, 3) E. Germany.

BOBSDLID: 4-man—1) EAST GERMANY 1 (Nehmer, Bahck, Garmischhausen, Lohmann), 2) Switzerland 31, 3) W. Germany 1.

CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING: 10 km, Women—1) RAISA SMUTNINA (U.S.S.R.), 2) Jelena Tikhonova (Finland), 3) Galina Kalashova (U.S.S.R.), 20 km, Men—1) IVAR JOHNSON (Norway), 2) Gert-Dietmar Kuster (E. Germany), 3) Bjorn Vaegeengen (Sweden), Nordic combined—1) LUDWIG WILTING (E. Germany), 2) Urban Holmberg (W. Germany), 3) Norbert Wandke (E. Germany), 40 km relay, Men—1) HIND AND Oskarsen, Mosu, Tsarapova, Kervin, 2) Norway, 3) U.S.S.R., 20 km relay, Women—1) U.S.S.R. (Bakshova, Antonova, Smetanova, Kulkova), 2) Finland, 3) E. Germany.

FIGURE SKATING: Women—1) DOROTHY HAMILL (U.S.A.), 2) Ekaterina de Longhi (The Netherlands), 3) Christiane Ertter (E. Germany), Men—1) JOHN CUNY (Canada), 2) Vladimir Kovalev (U.S.S.R.), 3) Todd Landman (Canada), Dance Pairs—1) PAKHIDYATA and LARIONOV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Marianna and Mikhailov (U.S.S.R.), 3) DPCORNER and Milna (U.S.A.), 3)

HOCKEY: 1) U.S.S.R., 2) Czechoslovakia, 3) W. Germany.

LUGE: Doubles—1) RICH AND HAHN (E. Germany), 2) Brandner and Schindler (W. Germany), 3) Schmid and Schachner (Austria).

SKIING: Giant Slalom, Men—1) HENRI HEMMIS (Switzerland), 2) Ernst Gotsch (Switzerland), 1) Ingegerd Sorenstam (Sweden), Women—1) ANNE KRIEGER (Canada), 2) Rose Mitternauer (W. Germany), 3) Danielle Desmarais (France), Slalom, Men—1) PIERRE GELDER (Italy), 2) Brian Thomas (U.S.), 3) Willy Frommelt (Austria), Women—1) MITTERRAHER, 2) Claudia Gossauer (Italy), 3) Hanne Wenzel (Austria).

SKUMPING: 50 meters—1) KARE SCHNORR (Austria), 2) Tom Invernizzi (Austria), 3) Hilary Galt (E. Germany).

SPEED SKATING: Men, 500 meters—1) YUTGEVNY KILKOV (U.S.S.R.), 2) Valeriy Muraviev (U.S.S.R.), 3) Dan Immerfall (U.S.A.), 1,000 meters—1) PETER MULLELL (U.S.A.), 2) Jan Dekker (Netherlands), 3) Marlene, 1,500 meters—1) JAN EGLE, 2) STORHOLT (Norway), 2) Jari Kankkonen (U.S.S.R.), 3) Henri van Helden (The Netherlands), 3,000 meters—1) STEVE NITHE (Norway), 2) Rik Klever (The Netherlands), 3) Ivan Hladik, 10,000 meters—1) KLEIN, 2) Soren, 3) van Helden.

BIKING—GERT HUNT of Australia was declared the first world champion after beating Michael Hogg of Pakistan 3-4, 9-4, 8-10, 9-2, 9-2 in the Lucas British Open in London.

TENNIS—BURN DORG beat Vitas Gerulaitis 6-6, 6-6, 6-1 to win the WCT event in Toronto.

TRAIL SLED—WADYSŁAW KIDZIKOWICZ of Poland broke the world record in the 1000 m record in the pole vault by 95" to clearing 18' 3 1/2" at the Torrance Snow Maple Lake Indoor Games.

MILEPOSTS—ELECTED: To the Baseball Hall of Fame, OSCAR CHARLESTON, player and coach in the Negro leagues from 1914 to 1941, died at age 58 in 1954. A first baseman and outfielder, his 20-year career average was approximately .280.

BIRTH: DICK VERMILION, 39, and LOU HOULTZ, 79, as head coach of the Philadelphia Eagles and New York Jets, respectively. Vermilion had a one-year record of 15-3-3 at UCLA, including a victory in the 1978 Rose Bowl. He reportedly signed a five-year, \$600,000 contract. Houlz coached at North Carolina State for four seasons, compiling a 19-12-3 record, including four bowl appearances. His first-year team is for a reported \$155,000. TERRY DUNAHUE, 36, a UCLA assistant, replaced Vermilion.

CREDITS
4—Mad Hatter, 6—Edward S. Carter, director, Jack Aron, producer, The Civil Project, 12, 13—Noir in 14—Paul Jones, 15, 16—Tom, 17—Tom, 18—Tom, 19—Paul Jones, 20, 21—Tom, 22—Tom, 23—Tom, 24—Tom, 25—Tom, 26—Tom, 27—Tom, 28—Tom, 29—Tom, 30—Tom, 31—Tom, 32—Tom, 33—Tom, 34—Tom, 35—Tom, 36—Tom, 37—Tom, 38—Tom, 39—Tom, 40—Tom, 41—Tom, 42—Tom, 43—Tom, 44—Tom, 45—Tom, 46—Tom, 47—Tom, 48—Tom, 49—Tom, 50—Tom, 51—Tom, 52—Tom, 53—Tom, 54—Tom, 55—Tom, 56—Tom, 57—Tom, 58—Tom, 59—Tom, 60—Tom, 61—Tom, 62—Tom, 63—Tom, 64—Tom, 65—Tom, 66—Tom, 67—Tom, 68—Tom, 69—Tom, 70—Tom, 71—Tom, 72—Tom, 73—Tom, 74—Tom, 75—Tom, 76—Tom, 77—Tom, 78—Tom, 79—Tom, 80—Tom, 81—Tom, 82—Tom, 83—Tom, 84—Tom, 85—Tom, 86—Tom, 87—Tom, 88—Tom, 89—Tom, 90—Tom, 91—Tom, 92—Tom, 93—Tom, 94—Tom, 95—Tom, 96—Tom, 97—Tom, 98—Tom, 99—Tom, 100—Tom, 101—Tom, 102—Tom, 103—Tom, 104—Tom, 105—Tom, 106—Tom, 107—Tom, 108—Tom, 109—Tom, 110—Tom, 111—Tom, 112—Tom, 113—Tom, 114—Tom, 115—Tom, 116—Tom, 117—Tom, 118—Tom, 119—Tom, 120—Tom, 121—Tom, 122—Tom, 123—Tom, 124—Tom, 125—Tom, 126—Tom, 127—Tom, 128—Tom, 129—Tom, 130—Tom, 131—Tom, 132—Tom, 133—Tom, 134—Tom, 135—Tom, 136—Tom, 137—Tom, 138—Tom, 139—Tom, 140—Tom, 141—Tom, 142—Tom, 143—Tom, 144—Tom, 145—Tom, 146—Tom, 147—Tom, 148—Tom, 149—Tom, 150—Tom, 151—Tom, 152—Tom, 153—Tom, 154—Tom, 155—Tom, 156—Tom, 157—Tom, 158—Tom, 159—Tom, 160—Tom, 161—Tom, 162—Tom, 163—Tom, 164—Tom, 165—Tom, 166—Tom, 167—Tom, 168—Tom, 169—Tom, 170—Tom, 171—Tom, 172—Tom, 173—Tom, 174—Tom, 175—Tom, 176—Tom, 177—Tom, 178—Tom, 179—Tom, 180—Tom, 181—Tom, 182—Tom, 183—Tom, 184—Tom, 185—Tom, 186—Tom, 187—Tom, 188—Tom, 189—Tom, 190—Tom, 191—Tom, 192—Tom, 193—Tom, 194—Tom, 195—Tom, 196—Tom, 197—Tom, 198—Tom, 199—Tom, 200—Tom, 201—Tom, 202—Tom, 203—Tom, 204—Tom, 205—Tom, 206—Tom, 207—Tom, 208—Tom, 209—Tom, 210—Tom, 211—Tom, 212—Tom, 213—Tom, 214—Tom, 215—Tom, 216—Tom, 217—Tom, 218—Tom, 219—Tom, 220—Tom, 221—Tom, 222—Tom, 223—Tom, 224—Tom, 225—Tom, 226—Tom, 227—Tom, 228—Tom, 229—Tom, 230—Tom, 231—Tom, 232—Tom, 233—Tom, 234—Tom, 235—Tom, 236—Tom, 237—Tom, 238—Tom, 239—Tom, 240—Tom, 241—Tom, 242—Tom, 243—Tom, 244—Tom, 245—Tom, 246—Tom, 247—Tom, 248—Tom, 249—Tom, 250—Tom, 251—Tom, 252—Tom, 253—Tom, 254—Tom, 255—Tom, 256—Tom, 257—Tom, 258—Tom, 259—Tom, 260—Tom, 261—Tom, 262—Tom, 263—Tom, 264—Tom, 265—Tom, 266—Tom, 267—Tom, 268—Tom, 269—Tom, 270—Tom, 271—Tom, 272—Tom, 273—Tom, 274—Tom, 275—Tom, 276—Tom, 277—Tom, 278—Tom, 279—Tom, 280—Tom, 281—Tom, 282—Tom, 283—Tom, 284—Tom, 285—Tom, 286—Tom, 287—Tom, 288—Tom, 289—Tom, 290—Tom, 291—Tom, 292—Tom, 293—Tom, 294—Tom, 295—Tom, 296—Tom, 297—Tom, 298—Tom, 299—Tom, 300—Tom, 301—Tom, 302—Tom, 303—Tom, 304—Tom, 305—Tom, 306—Tom, 307—Tom, 308—Tom, 309—Tom, 310—Tom, 311—Tom, 312—Tom, 313—Tom, 314—Tom, 315—Tom, 316—Tom, 317—Tom, 318—Tom, 319—Tom, 320—Tom, 321—Tom, 322—Tom, 323—Tom, 324—Tom, 325—Tom, 326—Tom, 327—Tom, 328—Tom, 329—Tom, 330—Tom, 331—Tom, 332—Tom, 333—Tom, 334—Tom, 335—Tom, 336—Tom, 337—Tom, 338—Tom, 339—Tom, 340—Tom, 341—Tom, 342—Tom, 343—Tom, 344—Tom, 345—Tom, 346—Tom, 347—Tom, 348—Tom, 349—Tom, 350—Tom, 351—Tom, 352—Tom, 353—Tom, 354—Tom, 355—Tom, 356—Tom, 357—Tom, 358—Tom, 359—Tom, 360—Tom, 361—Tom, 362—Tom, 363—Tom, 364—Tom, 365—Tom, 366—Tom, 367—Tom, 368—Tom, 369—Tom, 370—Tom, 371—Tom, 372—Tom, 373—Tom, 374—Tom, 375—Tom, 376—Tom, 377—Tom, 378—Tom, 379—Tom, 380—Tom, 381—Tom, 382—Tom, 383—Tom, 384—Tom, 385—Tom, 386—Tom, 387—Tom, 388—Tom, 389—Tom, 390—Tom, 391—Tom, 392—Tom, 393—Tom, 394—Tom, 395—Tom, 396—Tom, 397—Tom, 398—Tom, 399—Tom, 400—Tom, 401—Tom, 402—Tom, 403—Tom, 404—Tom, 405—Tom, 406—Tom, 407—Tom, 408—Tom, 409—Tom, 410—Tom, 411—Tom, 412—Tom, 413—Tom, 414—Tom, 415—Tom, 416—Tom, 417—Tom, 418—Tom, 419—Tom, 420—Tom, 421—Tom, 422—Tom, 423—Tom, 424—Tom, 425—Tom, 426—Tom, 427—Tom, 428—Tom, 429—Tom, 430—Tom, 431—Tom, 432—Tom, 433—Tom, 434—Tom, 435—Tom, 436—Tom, 437—Tom, 438—Tom, 439—Tom, 440—Tom, 441—Tom, 442—Tom, 443—Tom, 444—Tom, 445—Tom, 446—Tom, 447—Tom, 448—Tom, 449—Tom, 450—Tom, 451—Tom, 452—Tom, 453—Tom, 454—Tom, 455—Tom, 456—Tom, 457—Tom, 458—Tom, 459—Tom, 460—Tom, 461—Tom, 462—Tom, 463—Tom, 464—Tom, 465—Tom, 466—Tom, 467—Tom, 468—Tom, 469—Tom, 470—Tom, 471—Tom, 472—Tom, 473—Tom, 474—Tom, 475—Tom, 476—Tom, 477—Tom, 478—Tom, 479—Tom, 480—Tom, 481—Tom, 482—Tom, 483—Tom, 484—Tom, 485—Tom, 486—Tom, 487—Tom, 488—Tom, 489—Tom, 490—Tom, 491—Tom, 492—Tom, 493—Tom, 494—Tom, 495—Tom, 496—Tom, 497—Tom, 498—Tom, 499—Tom, 500—Tom, 501—Tom, 502—Tom, 503—Tom, 504—Tom, 505—Tom, 506—Tom, 507—Tom, 508—Tom, 509—Tom, 510—Tom, 511—Tom, 512—Tom, 513—Tom, 514—Tom, 515—Tom, 516—Tom, 517—Tom, 518—Tom, 519—Tom, 520—Tom, 521—Tom, 522—Tom, 523—Tom, 524—Tom, 525—Tom, 526—Tom, 527—Tom, 528—Tom, 529—Tom, 530—Tom, 531—Tom, 532—Tom, 533—Tom, 534—Tom, 535—Tom, 536—Tom, 537—Tom, 538—Tom, 539—Tom, 540—Tom, 541—Tom, 542—Tom, 543—Tom, 544—Tom, 545—Tom, 546—Tom, 547—Tom, 548—Tom, 549—Tom, 550—Tom, 551—Tom, 552—Tom, 553—Tom, 554—Tom, 555—Tom, 556—Tom, 557—Tom, 558—Tom, 559—Tom, 560—Tom, 561—Tom, 562—Tom, 563—Tom, 564—Tom, 565—Tom, 566—Tom, 567—Tom, 568—Tom, 569—Tom, 570—Tom, 571—Tom, 572—Tom, 573—Tom, 574—Tom, 575—Tom, 576—Tom, 577—Tom, 578—Tom, 579—Tom, 580—Tom, 581—Tom, 582—Tom, 583—Tom, 584—Tom, 585—Tom, 586—Tom, 587—Tom, 588—Tom, 589—Tom, 590—Tom, 591—Tom, 592—Tom, 593—Tom, 594—Tom, 595—Tom, 596—Tom, 597—Tom, 598—Tom, 599—Tom, 600—Tom, 601—Tom, 602—Tom, 603—Tom, 604—Tom, 605—Tom, 606—Tom, 607—Tom, 608—Tom, 609—Tom, 610—Tom, 611—Tom, 612—Tom, 613—Tom, 614—Tom, 615—Tom, 616—Tom, 617—Tom, 618—Tom, 619—Tom, 620—Tom, 621—Tom, 622—Tom, 623—Tom, 624—Tom, 625—Tom, 626—Tom, 627—Tom, 628—Tom, 629—Tom, 630—Tom, 631—Tom, 632—Tom, 633—Tom, 634—Tom, 635—Tom, 636—Tom, 637—Tom, 638—Tom, 639—Tom, 640—Tom, 641—Tom, 642—Tom, 643—Tom, 644—Tom, 645—Tom, 646—Tom, 647—Tom, 648—Tom, 649—Tom, 650—Tom, 651—Tom, 652—Tom, 653—Tom, 654—Tom, 655—Tom, 656—Tom, 657—Tom, 658—Tom, 659—Tom, 660—Tom, 661—Tom, 662—Tom, 663—Tom, 664—Tom, 665—Tom, 666—Tom, 667—Tom, 668—Tom, 669—Tom, 670—Tom, 671—Tom, 672—Tom, 673—Tom, 674—Tom, 675—Tom, 676—Tom, 677—Tom, 678—Tom, 679—Tom, 680—Tom, 681—Tom, 682—Tom, 683—Tom, 684—Tom, 685—Tom, 686—Tom, 687—Tom, 688—Tom, 689—Tom, 690—Tom, 691—Tom, 692—Tom, 693—Tom, 694—Tom, 695—Tom, 696—Tom, 697—Tom, 698—Tom, 699—Tom, 700—Tom, 701—Tom, 702—Tom, 703—Tom, 704—Tom, 705—Tom, 706—Tom, 707—Tom, 708—Tom, 709—Tom, 710—Tom, 711—Tom, 712—Tom, 713—Tom, 714—Tom, 715—Tom, 716—Tom, 717—Tom, 718—Tom, 719—Tom, 720—Tom, 721—Tom, 722—Tom, 723—Tom, 724—Tom, 725—Tom, 726—Tom, 727—Tom, 728—Tom, 729—Tom, 730—Tom, 731—Tom, 732—Tom, 733—Tom, 734—Tom, 735—Tom, 736—Tom, 737—Tom, 738—Tom, 739—Tom, 740—Tom, 741—Tom, 742—Tom, 743—Tom, 744—Tom, 745—Tom, 746—Tom, 747—Tom, 748—Tom, 749—Tom, 750—Tom, 751—Tom, 752—Tom, 753—Tom, 754—Tom, 755—Tom, 756—Tom, 757—Tom, 758—Tom, 759—Tom, 760—Tom, 761—Tom, 762—Tom, 763—Tom, 764—Tom, 765—Tom, 766—Tom, 767—Tom, 768—Tom, 769—Tom, 770—Tom, 771—Tom, 772—Tom, 773—Tom, 774—Tom, 775—Tom, 776—Tom, 777—Tom, 778—Tom, 779—Tom, 780—Tom, 781—Tom, 782—Tom, 783—Tom, 784—Tom, 785—Tom, 786—Tom, 787—Tom, 788—Tom, 789—Tom, 790—Tom, 791—Tom, 792—Tom, 793—Tom, 794—Tom, 795—Tom, 796—Tom, 797—Tom, 798—Tom, 799—Tom, 800—Tom, 801—Tom, 802—Tom, 803—Tom, 804—Tom, 805—Tom, 806—Tom, 807—Tom, 808—Tom, 809—Tom, 810—Tom, 811—Tom, 812—Tom, 813—Tom, 814—Tom, 815—Tom, 816—Tom, 817—Tom, 818—Tom, 819—Tom, 820—Tom, 821—Tom, 822—Tom, 823—Tom, 824—Tom, 825—Tom, 826—Tom, 827—Tom, 828—Tom, 829—Tom, 830—Tom, 831—Tom, 832—Tom, 833—Tom, 834—Tom, 835—Tom, 836—Tom, 837—Tom, 838—Tom, 839—Tom, 840—Tom, 841—Tom, 842—Tom, 843—Tom, 844—Tom, 845—Tom, 846—Tom, 847—Tom, 848—Tom, 849—Tom, 850—Tom, 851—Tom, 852—Tom, 853—Tom, 854—Tom, 855—Tom, 856—Tom, 857—Tom, 858—Tom, 859—Tom, 860—Tom, 861—Tom, 862—Tom, 863—Tom, 864—Tom, 865—Tom, 866—Tom, 867—Tom, 868—Tom, 869—Tom, 870—Tom, 871—Tom, 872—Tom, 873—Tom, 874—Tom, 875—Tom, 876—Tom, 877—Tom, 878—Tom, 879—Tom, 880—Tom, 881—Tom, 882—Tom, 883—Tom, 884—Tom, 885—Tom, 886—Tom, 887—Tom, 888—Tom, 889—Tom, 890—Tom, 891—Tom, 892—Tom, 893—Tom, 894—Tom, 895—Tom, 896—Tom, 897—Tom, 898—Tom, 899—Tom, 900—Tom, 901—Tom, 902—Tom, 903—Tom, 904—Tom, 905—Tom, 906—Tom, 907—Tom, 908—Tom, 909—Tom, 910—Tom, 911—Tom, 912—Tom, 913—Tom, 914—Tom, 915—Tom, 916—Tom, 917—Tom, 918—Tom, 919—Tom, 920—Tom, 921—Tom, 922—Tom, 923—Tom, 924—Tom, 925—Tom, 926—Tom, 927—Tom, 928—Tom, 929—Tom, 930—Tom, 931—Tom, 932—Tom, 933—Tom, 934—Tom, 935—Tom, 936—Tom, 937—Tom, 938—Tom, 939—Tom, 940—Tom, 941—Tom, 942—Tom, 943—Tom, 944—Tom, 945—Tom, 946—Tom, 947—Tom, 948—Tom, 949—Tom, 950—Tom, 951—Tom, 952—Tom, 953—Tom, 954—Tom, 955—Tom, 956—Tom, 957—Tom, 958—Tom, 959—Tom, 960—Tom, 961—Tom, 962—Tom, 963—Tom, 964—Tom, 965—Tom, 966—Tom, 967—Tom, 968—Tom, 969—Tom, 970—Tom, 971—Tom, 972—Tom, 973—Tom, 974—Tom, 975—Tom, 976—Tom, 977—Tom, 978—Tom, 979—Tom, 980—Tom, 981—Tom, 982—Tom, 983—Tom, 984—Tom, 985—Tom, 986—Tom, 987—Tom, 988—Tom, 989—Tom, 990—Tom, 991—Tom, 992—Tom, 993—Tom, 994—Tom, 995—Tom, 996—Tom, 997—Tom, 998—Tom, 999—Tom, 1000—Tom, 1001—Tom, 1002—Tom, 1003—Tom, 1004—Tom, 1005—Tom, 1006—Tom, 1007—Tom, 1008—Tom, 1009—Tom, 1010—Tom, 1011—Tom, 1012—Tom, 1013—Tom, 1014—Tom, 1015—Tom, 1016—Tom, 1017—Tom, 1018—Tom, 1019—Tom, 1020—Tom, 1021—Tom, 1022—Tom, 1023—Tom, 1024—Tom, 1025—Tom, 1026—Tom, 1027—Tom, 1028—Tom, 1029—Tom, 1030—Tom, 1031—Tom, 1032—Tom, 1033—Tom, 1034—Tom, 1035—Tom, 1036—Tom, 1037—Tom, 1038—Tom, 1039—Tom, 1040—Tom, 1041—Tom, 1042—Tom, 1043—Tom, 1044—Tom, 1045—Tom, 1046—Tom, 1047—Tom, 1048—Tom, 1049—Tom, 1050—Tom, 1051—Tom, 1052—Tom, 1053—Tom, 1054—Tom, 1055—Tom, 1056—Tom, 1057—Tom, 1058—Tom, 1059—Tom, 1060—Tom, 1061—Tom, 1062—Tom, 1063—Tom, 1064—Tom, 1065—Tom, 1066—Tom, 1067—Tom, 1068—Tom, 1069—Tom, 1070—Tom, 1071—Tom, 1072—Tom, 1073—Tom, 1074—Tom, 1075—Tom, 1076—Tom, 1077—Tom, 1078—Tom, 1079—Tom, 1080—Tom, 1081—Tom, 1082—Tom, 1083—Tom, 1084—Tom, 1085—Tom, 1086—Tom, 1087—Tom, 1088—Tom, 1089—Tom, 1090—Tom, 1091—Tom, 1092—Tom, 1093—Tom, 1094—Tom, 1095—Tom, 1096—Tom, 1097—Tom, 1098—Tom, 1099—Tom, 1100—Tom, 1101—Tom, 1102—Tom, 1103—Tom, 1104—Tom, 1105—Tom, 1106—Tom, 1107—Tom, 1108—Tom, 1109—Tom, 1110—Tom, 1111—Tom, 1112—Tom, 1113—Tom, 1114—Tom, 1115—Tom, 1116—Tom, 1117—Tom, 1118—Tom, 1119—Tom, 1120—Tom, 1121—Tom, 1122—Tom, 1123—Tom, 1124—Tom, 1125—Tom, 1126—Tom, 1127—Tom, 1128—Tom, 1129—Tom, 1130—Tom, 1131—Tom, 1132—Tom, 1133—Tom, 1134—Tom, 1135—Tom, 1136—Tom, 1137—Tom, 1138—Tom, 1139—Tom, 1140—Tom, 1141—Tom, 1142—Tom, 1143—Tom, 1144—Tom, 1145—Tom, 1146—Tom, 1147—Tom, 1148—Tom, 1149—Tom, 1150—Tom, 1151—Tom, 1152—Tom, 1153—Tom, 1154—Tom, 1155—Tom, 1156—Tom, 1157—Tom, 1158—Tom, 1159—Tom, 1160—Tom, 1161—Tom, 1162—Tom, 1163—Tom, 1164—Tom, 1165—Tom, 1166—Tom, 1167—Tom, 1168—Tom, 1169—Tom, 1170—Tom, 1171—Tom, 1172—Tom, 1173—Tom, 1174—Tom, 1175—Tom, 1176—Tom, 1177—Tom, 1178—Tom, 1179—Tom, 1180—Tom, 1181—Tom, 1182—Tom, 1183—Tom, 1184—Tom, 1185—Tom, 1186—Tom, 1187—Tom, 1188—Tom, 1189—Tom, 1190—Tom, 1191—Tom, 1192—Tom, 1193—Tom, 1194—Tom, 1195—Tom, 1196—Tom, 1197—Tom, 1198—Tom, 1199—Tom, 1200—Tom, 1201—Tom, 1202—Tom, 1203—Tom, 1204—Tom, 1205—Tom, 1206—Tom, 1207—Tom, 1208—Tom, 1209—Tom, 1210—Tom, 1211—Tom, 1212—Tom, 1213—Tom, 1214—Tom, 1215—Tom, 1216—Tom, 1217—Tom, 1218—Tom, 1219—Tom, 1220—Tom, 1221—Tom, 1222—Tom, 1223—Tom, 1224—Tom, 1225—Tom, 1226—Tom, 1227—Tom, 1228—Tom, 1229—Tom, 1230—Tom, 1231—Tom, 1232—Tom, 1233—Tom, 1234—Tom, 1235—Tom, 1236—Tom, 1237—Tom, 1238—Tom,

Edited by GAY FLOOD

VOLUNTEER STARS

Sir:

Thank you for the outstanding article by Barry McDermott on Ernie Grunfeld and Bernard King (*It's the Bernie and Ernie Show*, Feb. 9). That this "dynamic duo" should choose to play for the University of Tennessee is hardly surprising. The Volunteers have superb coaching, and the school itself is one of the nation's most respected. Furthermore, the gracious and wonderful people of Knoxville must then make up for the throngs in "Fun City," as this former New Yorker can testify.

JERRY B. LEMLER, M.D.

Chattanooga

Sir:

Although King and Grunfeld are great ballplayers, and we're proud of the job they have done, I feel that if it weren't for Mike Jackson, John Darden, Doug Ashworth and fine subs like Austin Clark and Terry Crosby—not to mention fine coaches and full-house crowds—Bernie and Ernie wouldn't be on top.

MARCH CLARK

Knoxville, Tenn.

Sir:

What a sad commentary on college basketball when you have two players who are designated shooters, while the rest are relegated to rebounding, passing, dribbling—and occasionally shooting. How could anyone but the designated shooters be happy playing on a team like that?

Basketball is designed to be a team game. Tennessee Coach Ray Mears may be enjoying some temporary success with his star system, but that is not likely to last for very long.

JAMES MENKE

Concord, Tenn.

Sir:

We attended the Auburn-Tennessee game in Knoxville on Jan. 19, we listened to the Alabama-Tennessee game in Knoxville on Jan. 31, we read the Bernie-Ernie article in *SI* the following week and we reached a few conclusions.

- 1) Bernard King is bush.
- 2) Ernie Grunfeld is bush.
- 3) Ray Mears is bush.
- 4) Tennessee fans are bush.

DORIS HILL

STEPHEN JANDOVITZ

CHARLES BOLLEN

Auburn, Ala.

Sir:

Your article showed just how good the Vols are. There was only one thing wrong. You said that Mike Jackson is from New York. He's not. He's from Nashville.

JEFF RUPP

Jefferson City, Tenn.

RIDING HIGH

Sir:

As a 1972 graduate and longtime fan of Western Michigan University, I was ecstatic to see Kent Hannon's article on the Broncos (*It's Who is Kalamazoo*, Feb. 9). As of this writing, WMU is still undefeated and has finally been recognized by both major polls as being among the nation's Top 20.

It was perceptive of you to give national exposure not only to Western Michigan, but to Kalamazoo as well. Most people don't know much about the city, either.

RICHARD RESNICK

Kalamazoo, Mich.

Sir:

I thoroughly enjoyed the articles on Tennessee and Western Michigan, two apparently unrelated basketball teams. Like thousands of other Wittenberg University alumni, however, I immediately recognized the common bond between their highly successful coaches. Ray Mears of Tennessee and Eldon Miller of Western Michigan were equally successful as coaches at perennial small-college power Wittenberg. Moreover, Miller was a star player for Mears on Wittenberg's 1961 NCAA College Division championship team.

ROBERT E. RIDDER, D.D.S.

Goshen, Ind.

BIG TEN RECORD

Sir:

The four sentences you devoted to BASKETBALL'S WEEK (Feb. 9) to the No. 1 team, Indiana, might have included the fact that its win over Wisconsin gave it a Big Ten record for consecutive victories—28 straight (29 as I write this). The Hoosiers broke the record set 14 years ago by the Ohio State team that included John Havlicek, Jerry Lucas and an obscure bench warmer named Bobby Knight.

DONNA KAY SIEGEMUND

Indianapolis

HONDA POWER

Sir:

What's this about David Pearson and his "hell-for-Naughyde charge" swallowing

the Honda Civic and firing it out its exhaust stacks (*Gas Pains Strike at Daytona*, Feb. 9)? Robert Jones must have been looking the other way later when the "diminutive Honda" drafted David Pearson around the oval, and in front of the grandstand, in the closing hours of the race, in the rain, blew the doors off his "big red and white Purcelator Ford Torino" while the crowd rose to its feet and cheered.

Incidentally, it was noted by the track announcer that we did not have any gasoline problems during the race, as we were still running on the fuel put in the tank before we left California—and getting 100 miles per gallon with it!

BILL SHAW
Driver-Entrant
CACI Team

Woodland Hills, Calif.

DUNK FEST

Sir:

My compliments to John Papanek for his excellent article *Strutting Their Stuff* (Feb. 9). Talent is not the ABA's problem: lack of exposure is.

For those of us who were aware of the First Annual Slam-Dunk Contest but unable to fly to Denver for the evening to see it, your article was a godsend. I hope one of the television networks will obtain the rights to this colossal event. There definitely is spectator interest.

T. DAVIS

Bronx, N.Y.

Sir:

After reading John Papanek's article, I have no doubt that Julius Erving is the most complex basketball player in the world.

MICHAEL MOLINARO

Staten Island, N.Y.

Sir:

I have reached this conclusion: the time has come for the 11-foot basket.

JAMES DOORLEY

Providence

PROTECTING OUR FISH

Sir:

I can barely remember the days when I could go fishing for haddock and catch one. It is something I wouldn't consider doing today, because of the futility of it all. Legislation for the creation of a 200-mile fishing limit (*SCORECARD*, Feb. 9) is all but too late. The New England fishing industry has been virtually ruined. When the time comes to sell

continued

Did you know there's a way to STOP advertising mail you don't want?

You can now get your name off—or on—advertising mailing lists by writing the Mail Preference Service of the Direct Mail/Marketing Association



By CELIA WALLACE

Whether you realize it or not, you are exposed to over 300 advertising messages per day while you watch TV, read newspapers and magazines and ride the highways. And there is no easy way to "turn off" these messages.

But if you don't want to receive advertising mail, there's a simple, effective way to stop most of it. Just contact the Direct Mail/Marketing Association (DMMA), a group of businesses that use mail to advertise their products and services, and they'll send you a *name-removal* form.

Think you want to be taken off mailing lists?

According to Robert F. DeLay, President of the DMMA, once you've returned the name-removal form you should notice a substantial decrease in the amount of mail advertising you receive. "But," he added, "very often people take steps to get their names removed from mailing lists, objecting to what they consider 'junk mail.' But then later decide maybe it isn't so bad after all when they consider some of the good offers that come through unsolicited third class mail. Such as catalogs, new product samples, chances at sweepstakes, introductory offers from magazines, and coupons that knock a dime or so off prices at the supermarket or drugstore."

However, for those who decide they *still* don't want to be bothered by advertising mail, Mr. DeLay assures that their names will be removed from the lists of many DMMA member companies who conduct most large-scale mail adver-

tising campaigns. "It's just too expensive to waste on people who don't want it," he says.

MPS also enables you to be added to lists.

If, on the other hand, you feel you don't get your fair share of mail offers, the DMMA offers another service to get your name *on* lists

that will make you a candidate to receive more offers in special interest areas such as arts and crafts, books, investments, clothing, sports, travel and gardening.

Both services are offered to the public by the DMMA in an effort to make shopping by mail more enjoyable.

If you want to take advantage of either of these services offered by the DMMA, simply send the coupon below for a free application or write the association at 6 East 43rd Street, New York, New York 10017.



MAIL TO:
DIRECT MAIL/MARKETING ASSOCIATION
6 East 43rd Street Dept. 5
New York, New York 10017

- ☐ **STOP IT!** I don't want to be on anyone's "list."
Please send me a Name-Removal Form.
- ☐ **SEND ME MORE!** I'd like more mail on my favorite interests and hobbies. Send me an "Add On" Form.

PRINT NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____ ZIP _____

509225

Change of Address & Order Form

If you're moving, please let us know 4 weeks in advance.

Attach your present mailing label here and fill in your new address below.

Mail to: **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Chicago, Illinois 60611**

For even faster service on this or other matters concerning your subscription—billing, renewal, complaints, additional subscriptions—call toll free

800-621-8200

(In Illinois 800-973-6932)

One year subscription in the United States, Canada, Puerto Rico, and the Caribbean Islands is \$16. Military personnel anywhere in the world, \$14. All others, \$20.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

Zip _____

To order SI, check box: ☐ new ☐ renewal



"Dark Cameroon wrapper on a cigar the size of my Capitán No. 3!"

I call that style!"

John Weitz

The first cigar styled by a men's fashion designer. Capitán features rich Cameroon wrapper and mild imported filler tobaccos.

The actual size of a five-pack of Capitán No. 3 cigars is shown left.

15TH HOLE *continued*

licenses to foreign countries for the right to fish in our territory. I hope the Senate takes into consideration the methods used by those who have decimated the richest fishing grounds in the world.

Ed E. White

Hull, Mass.

FOLLOWING THE PUCK

Sir:

It's a shame there aren't more hockey organizers in this country like John Mariucci, who realizes that the game isn't the only thing (*A Winter Heritage*, Feb. 9). Hats off to Mariucci for successfully summing up the problems with youth programs today. "You can't play until you've learned to skate," he says, and that says it all. Tricky, skillful stickhandling and a booming, accurate shot are worthless to the hockey player who can't skate. There once was a youth program in Lynn, Mass. where for the first 10 two-hour practice sessions no pucks were allowed on the ice. It was skate, skate, skate. That's how hockey players are made.

Rusty Martin

Buffalo

Sir:

As a mother of two young hockey players, I completely agree with your article concerning Minnesota youth hockey programs. Hockey is a marvelous sport, a natural outlet for aggressive energies, but it should not wreck children and disrupt family life with constant games and traveling. As long as a hockey program is called recreational, each player should have a chance to participate in games and thus develop himself. It is too expensive and heartbreaking to outfit a child for hockey, drive him great distances to play and then see him sitting on the bench. Childhood should be a time of fun and games—or did we only dream that up?

Maria Vikingalo

Aurora, Minn.

Sir:

The last few paragraphs of the article began to touch on the lack of development of skills in kids. One important reason for this is that we don't play skillful hockey anymore. Most of our players engage in the holding, hooking, high-sticking style of play that is accepted as "part of the game." Why should a player develop skills that will have him in the proper position when it is so much easier to hold or hook an opponent who has beaten him? The recent Russian-NHL series pointed out our shortcomings.

Ross Bray

New Haven, Conn.

Address editorial mail to **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.**

TR7: THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME



The spear-head, the arrow, the rocket.

From ancient instinct to computer design, the shape that cleaves the air is the wedge.

Now Triumph brings the wedge down to earth in TR7—a fantastic new sports car to steal the American road.

Proven on the Grand Prix race tracks of the world, the edge of the wedge knifes through the air, forcing the front wheels down. Handling is solid and uncannily

precise. The air flows over the slippery shape. Drag is minimal. Power enhanced. Miles per gallon increased.

Under its skin, TR7 is a triumph of simplicity. It is utterly dependable, sturdy and sinuous on cantankerous roads and cork-screw curves. It means endless pleasure at moderate price and less maintenance; welcome news today and something no rival sports car can say.

All in all a simply beautiful

and beautifully simple machine. Test-drive our words at any Triumph dealer.

For the name of your nearest Triumph dealer call: 800-447-4700. In Illinois call 800-322-4400. British Leyland Motors Inc. Leonia, New Jersey 07605.



TRIUMPH

\$5,100.00 Manufacturer's suggested retail price (P.O.E.) Does not include inland transportation, local taxes, preparation charges.

THE SHAPE OF THINGS TO COME
TR7

You've taken your
last rough puff, once
you come up to
the smooth taste
of extra coolness.
Come up to KOOL.



Filter Longs

Filter Kings

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



13 mg. tar,
0.7 mg. nicotine

Now, lowered tar KOOL Milds